

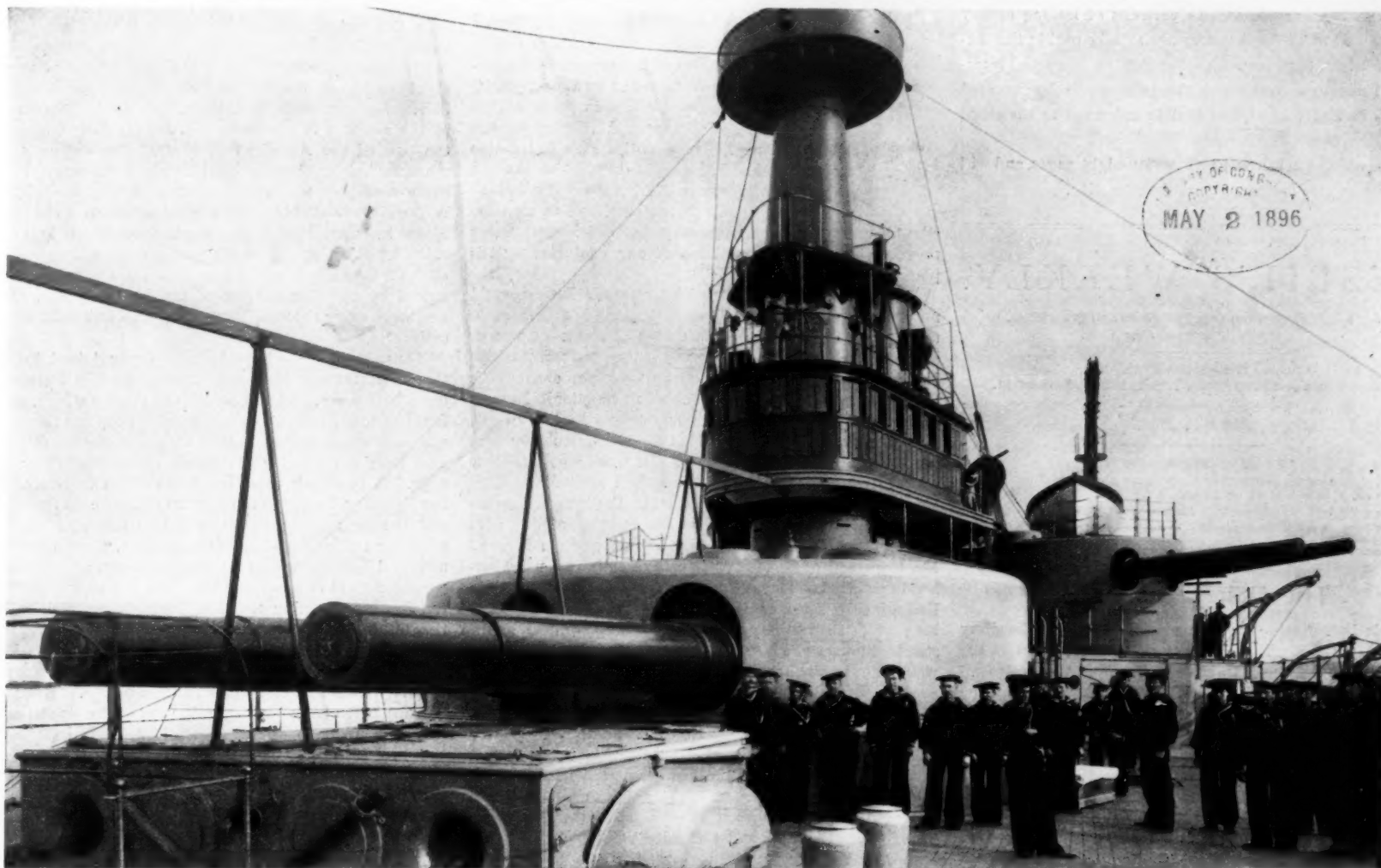
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

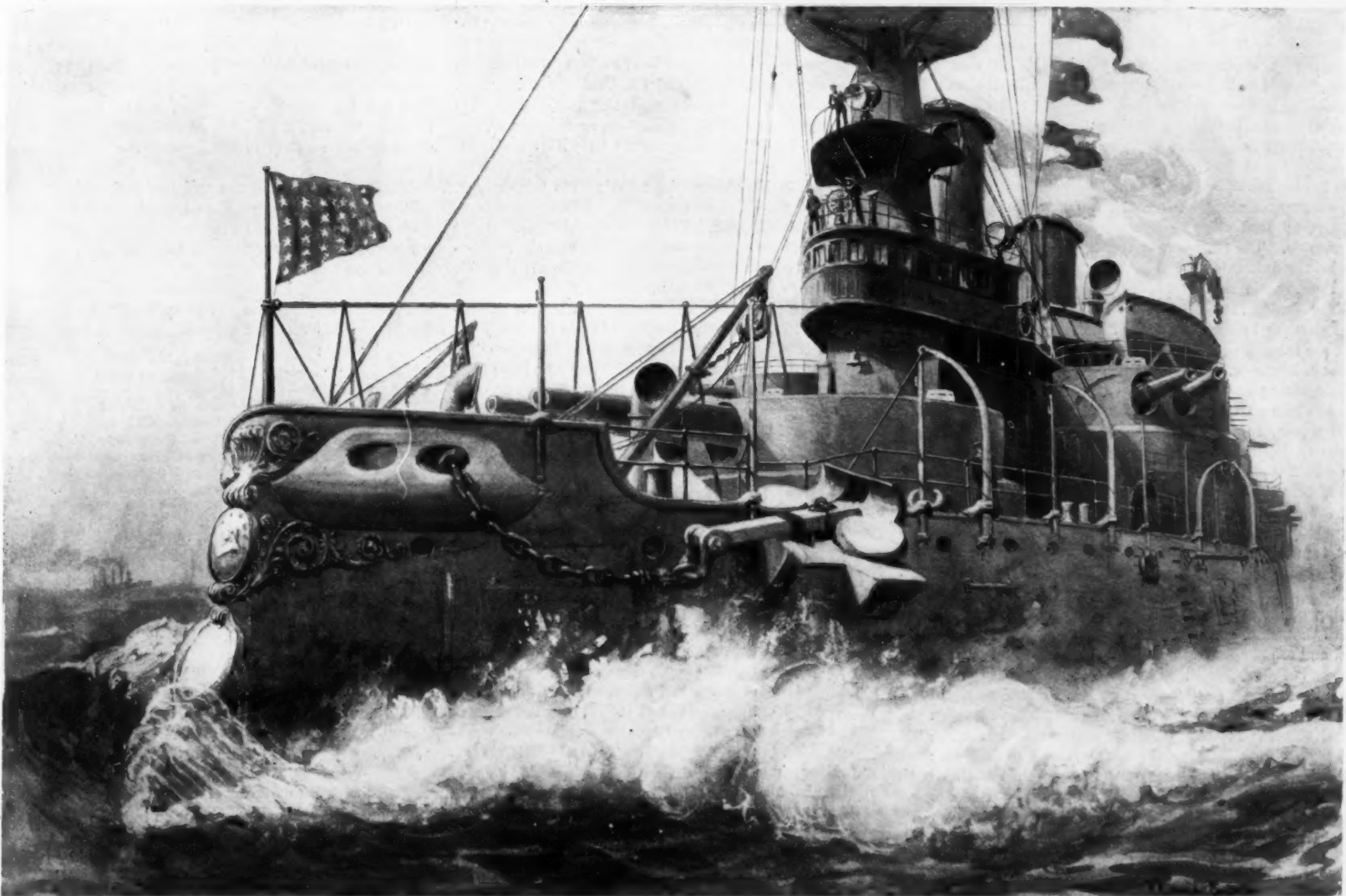
Vol. LXXXII.—No. 2121.
Copyright, 1896. Published Weekly by ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue. All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1896.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
15 WEEKS, \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



DECK VIEW OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA," SHOWING HER MILITARY MAST AND FORWARD GUNS.—Copyrighted photograph by W. H. Rau.



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS," WHICH IN HER OFFICIAL TRIAL-TRIP MADE 16.15 KNOTS AN HOUR, BEATING THE WORLD'S RECORD.—From a drawing by F. C. Schell.

OUR TWO GREAT BATTLE-SHIPS.

[SEE PAGE 317.]

Sixth installment of "WEIR OF HERMISTON," the last story of Robert Louis Stevenson, in this issue.

CINCINNATI MUSICAL JUBILEE

ILLUSTRATED IN A

Special Number of "Leslie's Weekly."

THE next issue of the WEEKLY, dated May 14th, will be devoted to the illustration of the city of Cincinnati and the forthcoming Musical Jubilee, for which such extensive preparations are now making. In addition to a fine double-page picture, showing the principal attractions of the city, this number will contain portraits of leading society women and of the artists who are to take part in the Musical Festival, together with other features of special interest. The article concerning the jubilee will be supplied by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, and that in reference to the social life of Cincinnati by Josephine Woodward.

This number will consist of twenty-eight pages, and will be in its artistic features especially attractive.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO OFFICE, Studio Building.
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Bramhall, H. Reuterdahl.

MAY 7, 1896.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.	
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

The Money Question.

It is becoming more and more probable that the silver element of the Democratic party will have control of the national convention at Chicago. A poll of the States recently made by the *New York Journal* shows that while the Eastern and Middle States will undoubtedly elect delegations in favor of the gold standard, the entire West and South will be decidedly in favor of the adoption of a free-silver plank. The statement as to the sentiment in the several States is supplied to the *Journal* by prominent party leaders, who are thoroughly familiar with the existing conditions, and may therefore be regarded as authoritative. It is possible that the friends of the administration may, to some extent, overcome in more closely-balanced States the now aggressively-dominant silver sentiment; but, in any event, there is bound to be in the national convention a desperate and embittered contest, and, with the present ugly temper of the silverites, the probabilities are that a compromise will be impossible upon any other basis than a recognition of their demands.

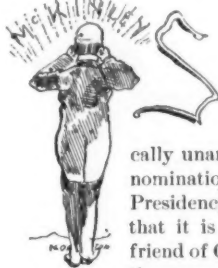
Meanwhile the Republican sentiment, on the other hand, is crystallizing in support of a vigorous maintenance of the gold standard and the prevention of free coinage at any ratio not established by international agreement. Outside of the silver-producing States all the conventions so far held have declared more or less emphatically in favor of this principle. The St. Louis convention will undoubtedly recognize the demands of the party masses in this particular. Possibly, in that event, the delegations of some of the silver States may refuse to abide by the result, and may undertake to commit their following to the support of the Democracy or of some independent propaganda. The result, however, will be in either case the same. With the Democratic party committed to free-silver coinage, and the Republican party standing for the money of the commercial world, for the maintenance of honest values as against any depreciation and debasement of the currency which would unsettle business conditions, promote speculation, and bring disaster upon every important industrial interest, there can be no doubt as to the outcome.

A gratifying indication of the trend of Republican sentiment is afforded by the refusal of the Republicans of North Carolina to enter into an alliance with the Populists, upon the basis of free and unlimited coinage of silver "by the independent action of the government." The Republicans of that State are very earnestly desirous of acquiring power, and are prepared, no doubt, to resort to any reasonable means of attaining it. They have declared themselves willing to fuse with the Populists on the basis of an equal distribution of the State offices, each party to run its own electoral ticket; but they will not consent to lower the party standard on the financial question, and they announce that they will abide the action of the Republican National Convention and support its conclusions at whatever cost to themselves in their local conflicts.

In this action we have an illustration, which is most gratifying in its character, of the tone and temper of party sentiment even in doubtful States, where, if anywhere, a surrender of convictions might be looked for. Our own

belief is that the Republicans of North Carolina, standing inflexibly in defense of the party platform as declared at St. Louis, will be stronger before the people than they would be if they were to capitulate to the Populist demands. And we are certain that in the nation at large we will, in the coming campaign, achieve more significant and determinative success by the courageous policy which seems likely to be pursued, than by any intrigue, compromise, or evasion to which we might resort for the purpose of catching the votes of ignorant and misguided voters.

Mr. Depew's Observations.



OME over-zealous friends of Governor Morton are finding fault with Mr. Chauncey M. Depew because of his statement that in his recent journey across the continent he found an almost practically unanimous sentiment in favor of the nomination of Governor McKinley for the Presidency. These critics seem to imagine that it is Mr. Depew's duty as an avowed friend of Governor Morton to suit his facts to the necessities of the case, and to shut his eyes to the existing conditions of public opinion, wherever they conflict with the ambition of our executive or the plans of his managers.

The fact is, that as a truthful man Mr. Depew could not make any other report than that which he has given to the public. He came in contact with all classes of people, and he could not help discovering the pervasiveness of the McKinley sentiment. It was obvious everywhere that the Republican masses desire McKinley's nomination. In most of the Western States, and in some of the Eastern States, hardly any other candidate is at this time seriously spoken of among Republicans. In Iowa, of course, where there is a local feeling in favor of Senator Allison, and in New England, which is predisposed toward Mr. Reed, no serious attempt has been made to secure the election of delegates favorable to McKinley. So far the sentiment in favor of Mr. Reed and of Senator Allison is essentially a neighborhood sentiment. That for McKinley is a national feeling. Undoubtedly, Speaker Reed deserves well at the hands of his party. He has fine qualities of leadership, and, as the standard-bearer of his party in the coming national contest, would unquestionably receive the hearty support of the great body of Republican voters. The same thing is true of Senator Allison, who is a man of conspicuous ability and of approved public service. He would fill the Presidential office with dignity and capacity. But neither of these gentlemen, in the opinion of the people, represents so admirably the spirit and policies of the Republican party as Governor McKinley. In a peculiar sense, the latter has voiced in his career the aims and the principles which this party has professed to maintain during the whole period of its history. He has been identified, largely and intimately, with the economic legislation which so directly concerns the welfare of the people; he stands in the popular thought for that tariff policy which has contributed so enormously to the national prosperity, and the modification of which has brought upon us such dire financial and industrial disasters. All these considerations are now operating in his favor. He may not be nominated at St. Louis two months hence, but that he would be if the country could be polled to-day, is unquestionable.

Mr. Depew, in his observations during his recent tour, discerned clearly the facts here stated. As an honest man, he has not concealed them. While he would be glad to see the standard of the party committed to the hands of Governor Morton, he is unable to see why he should shut his eyes to the truth, and undertake, by minimizing the force of existing facts, to create an impression which is unwarranted. He will be none the less loyal to our executive because of his conclusion that his nomination is impossible. We suspect that if some of the party leaders who have been so active and earnest in promoting the candidacy of Governor Morton cared to express their honest convictions their statements would agree substantially with those which they so sharply criticize in Mr. Depew.

Florida's Infamous Law.



THE American Missionary Association represents the educated conscience of a large body of enlightened American citizens. It has contributed enormously, both at home and abroad, to the moral betterment of human conditions. It is represented to-day in Armenia by a body of brave and loyal men and women who have dedicated themselves to the work of overcoming the forces of superstition and building up a Christian civilization. Ever since the Civil War in this country its representatives have been engaged in the Southern States, and especially in the border commonwealths, in beneficent educational work. It has, always and everywhere, stood for the rights of conscience, and employed its influence and its resources with a view of promoting the popular intelligence and elevating the public morals. Recently it has furnished

an illustration of this fact which is bound to provoke wide spread approval.

A year or so ago the Florida Legislature passed a law making it a penal offense for any individual or association to conduct within that State any school of any grade in which white and black persons should be instructed, or board within the same building, or taught in the same class or at the same time by the same teacher. Any person or persons violating this act by patronizing or teaching in such school is liable to a fine of not less than one hundred and fifty dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail for not less than three months nor more than six months, for every such offense. Under these provisions no citizen of Florida, it will be noted, can under certain conditions educate his child, at his own charge, in a school or college of his choice; he is excluded absolutely from the best educational institutions in the State if these admit pupils of both white and colored parentage. Four weeks ago, under authority of the State, the principal and eight teachers of the Orange Park Normal and Industrial School were arrested for violating this law. This defiance of the law was in obedience to a definite determination on the part of the American Missionary Association, under whose auspices these educationalists were employed, to make a distinct test of the statute. At the last triennial National Council of the Congregational bodies of the United States instructions were given to the association to "resist this wicked enactment in all lawful ways, and to exhaust all legal measures to defend the rights and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and if necessary carry the case to the Supreme Court for adjudication."

Thus, at last, we have issue squarely joined between the sentiment and ideas upon which our free institutions have been built, and the intolerant temper which, in one State at least, seems to have survived the shock of civil war, and which reflects, rather, the spirit of long-forgotten ages than the broad and catholic thought of these later days. It is amazing that in a State which in recent years has shared so largely in the benefits of Northern enterprise, and has been brought so closely into touch with the liberalizing tendencies of modern opinion, there should be a revival and expression in statutory form of ante-bellum prejudices and race antipathies. We can only account for the fact by assuming that the Legislature which enacted the statute did not represent the better opinion of the electorate. We are unwilling to believe that if the question of its repeal were now submitted to the vote of the people a majority would be cast against such a course. There cannot, we presume, be any question as to the outcome of the litigation which has now been initiated. It is incredible that any American court should, in this day of enlightenment, give its sanction to a principle so abhorrent to the spirit of our institutions, and so directly in conflict with the basal theory of our national life, as that which is embodied in this Florida enactment.

The Spring-time Beauty.

"FLOWERS," writes Ruskin, "seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace."

The spring-time flowers and the spring-time beauty of earth and sky are at hand, and there is something wrong with the heart and mind of those who have no eye for the beauty and no ear for the music of nature in the spring-time of the year.

Alfred Austin, England's new poet-laureate, may not be the most worthy successor of Tennyson England could have found, but his verse on "Spring-time" is not lacking in poetic beauty:

"The spring-time, O the spring-time!
Who does not know it well?
When the little birds begin to build
And the buds begin to swell;
When the sun with the clouds plays hide-and-seek,
And the lambs are bucking and bleating,
And the color mounts to the maiden's cheek,
And the cuckoo scatters greeting!
In the spring-time, joyous spring-time!"

The spring-time flowers follow the farewell of winter with great rapidity. The snowdrop and the crocus push their way up through the ground even before the brown grass is fairly tinged with green. They are modest little outriders of the more brilliant procession of spring-time flowers, and lack the brilliancy of the daffodils "that come before the swallow dares."

With still increased brilliancy come the tulips and hyacinths to set the world aglow with color. There is a charm about these first-comers that the flowers to come after them do not have. A poet whose name we do not now recall has written with certain truth:

"No pampered bloom of the greenhouse chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower."

There is to every flower lover an indescribable charm, an irresistible fascination, about the tulip that causes one to remember with forbearance the strange spell its scarlet and golden beauty cast over those old Hollanders in the seventeenth century, when they were tulip-mad. A syllogism of

that long-ago time runs thus: "To despise flowers is to offend God. The more beautiful the flower the more does one offend God in despising it. The tulip is the most beautiful of all flowers. Therefore he who despises the tulip offends God beyond measure."

The lilac's purple plumes begin to reveal themselves before the tulip's day is done, and by this time the spring-time beauty is complete. There are flowers in the fields and woods, on the hills, and in the dales. The meadows are dotted with buttercups and dandelions. There are violets,

"Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn on soft, mossy beds."

There is rest for the spirit in the woods, for the world has no balm for the troubles of life like that offered by nature. If we would but take to heart the lessons taught us by the springtime beauty we would be better fitted for all the duties of life, and many of the things that so vex and fret us would have no power over us. Our bodily ills would be fewer and our mental maladies less serious.

He is to be pitied who goes through life with his vision so blinded that he sees nothing of the beauty of the changing seasons. They are most unfortunate to whom "all the glories of heaven and earth may pass in daily succession without touching their hearts or elevating their minds."

The Late Baron de Hirsch.

THE aspirant for posthumous fame who built an obelisk in the Arabian desert and inscribed his name thereon, hoping to be applauded by posterity, had ceased to be remembered of men while the name of his rival for celebrity who had dug a well in the desert and planted palms about it was still fresh and green in the thought of every caravan crossing the arid waste. So Baron Maurice de Hirsch de Gereuth, who died the other day at his estate in Hungary, will be remembered for his benefactions to humanity long after all the men of his generation, whether of high or low degree, who sought by a selfish use of the gifts of heaven to climb into conspicuity, have perished from the world's recollection.

Baron de Hirsch was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and one of the richest men of the world. His income was estimated at from fifteen million to twenty million dollars a year, and of this sum he has for many years devoted to charity from twelve million to fifteen million dollars. His own race were the principal recipients of his bounty, but his philanthropy was not bounded by racial or religious lines. His charities to the Jews looked directly to the practical alleviation of both their physical and political distresses; he sought to



BARON MAURICE DE HIRSCH.

lift from their shoulders the burdens of outrage and oppression to which they were subjected in Russia and other countries; he established schools for their training in useful employments; he transported them by thousands out of hostile environments into more favorable conditions; and he illustrated his tolerance of opinion, as well as his great generosity, by at one time offering to give to Russia the munificent sum of ten million dollars for public instruction, on the sole condition that in the use of the fund no distinction should be made as to race or religion. The baron was always a warm patron of public schools, and many institutions in Egypt, Turkey, and Asia Minor bear his name as their benefactor. He seems to have been dominated by a conviction that it was his duty to use his vast wealth for the amelioration of the woes of his fellow-men, and he gave himself, therefore, to the work with a thoroughness and on a scale which have not in his time been matched.

Is there not here a hint as to the beneficent uses to which wealth may be put which the possessors of great fortunes may profitably consider? It is surely wiser to give personal direction in one's life-time to the distribution of intended benefactions, and so get out of them the blessing and the stimulus to broader living, than to leave the work for the doing of others and the possible miscarriage of cherished plans; and all the world is agreed that there is no monument so lasting as that which is built in the affections of mankind and garlanded with the gratitude of the world's unfortunates.

A STUDY OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

HIS STRENGTH WITH THE PEOPLE AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

JOHN GILMER SPEED, OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE, VISITS THE EX-GOVERNOR.

POLITICAL prophecy is not very valuable. Indeed, it has come to be an axiom that nothing in politics is certain until after the event. Even then, happenings are not always what they seem, but sometimes prove to be the very opposite of what they at first appeared. The latter observation applies rather to party policies than to the election of



McKINLEY ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN FAVOR OF PROTECTION.

candidates. But about elections to office there is rarely any certainty till the polls have closed and the votes have been counted. When there is a hotly-contested election it is a most singular fact that the professional politicians, the wise-aces who suck cigars in Bowery fashion—that is, from the left corner of the mouth—and sit around in public gathering-places looking preternaturally solemn and important, are nearly always entirely wrong in their predictions and prognostications. The reasons for this wrong-headedness and misunderstanding of the popular drift are quite plain to all save these politicians themselves. The first reason is this: The political boss is nearly always a person of a low opinion of the public intelligence and of public virtue; therefore he misunderstands both the thoughts and the feelings of the masses. Then again, he confounds his own wishes with the public desires, and through an exaggerated idea of his own importance misconceives the real truth, which is this: that he hurts any cause which he advocates when that cause has not been espoused with much enthusiasm by the people themselves. It is therefore a profound political truth that the professional politician, who flatters himself that he nominates candidates and elects Governors and Presidents, amounts to nothing whatever in opposition when the feeling of the people has been aroused in favor of any man or of any policy.

And the situation in the Republican party, which to-day could secure at an election three-fourths of the electoral vote, is just this—the Republican masses are overwhelmingly for Major William McKinley, of Ohio, for President; the political bosses and hacks from all parts of the country are opposed to his nomination. The result seems to me to be inevitable. The people never lose a fight in which they heartily engage, and the people this time are without any doubt for McKinley. With the people he is stronger in New England than Reed, stronger in New York than Morton, stronger in the West than Allison, stronger in Pennsylvania than Quay, while the South is almost solidly for him. Under such circumstances opposition to him is a waste of time and strength, for no combination can prevent his nomination. Rather would it be better for the Republicans to exercise their wisdom in selecting a good running mate, and not leave this important nomination as an uncertainty of the eleventh hour. Then, with an honest platform—honest as to the currency and honest as to the tariff—the election will be won when the St. Louis convention adjourns in June.

Major McKinley might have had the nomination in the Republican convention of 1888, when General Harrison was made the candidate. But he had gone as a delegate to support the nomination of Senator John Sherman, and he declined, in the most positive terms that a man could use, to permit the convention to be stamped in his favor. It had been arranged that the New Jersey delegation should lead off for McKinley. When he heard of it he visited that delegation and absolutely forbade such action. He closed a short and earnest speech in favor of Sherman with these words (I quote from Robert P. Porter's report): "Rather

than that, I would suffer the loss of that good right arm! Yes, I would suffer death! To accept a nomination, if one were possible under such circumstances, would inevitably lead to my defeat, and it ought to lead to my defeat!" And so he put by the offer which was not even a temptation to him.

Again, in 1892, when Major McKinley was chairman of the convention and a supporter of General Harrison's re-nomination, the effort was made to unite the opposition to Harrison on McKinley. Again McKinley declined in so earnest a way that there was no possibility of mistaking his sincerity, and for the second time he had placed a tendered nomination aside.

Now the case is different. He is not only willing to have the nomination, but he is frank and unaffected in his desire for it. Indeed, he is making a manly and open canvass for it. There are those who affect to see some impropriety in this action; but such persons are opposed to Major McKinley's nomination for one reason or another, or for some interest or another, and they would be sure to see impropriety in anything he might or anything he might not do. Their opinions are unworthy of serious consideration. As a matter of fact, no man ever received the nomination of a dominant party for the Presidency without striving for the nomination. Particularly is this true of the Republican party, whose nominations have always been most eagerly sought, though that of General Grant for his first term went to him rather as a matter of course. Now the difference between Major McKinley and the other great Republicans who have aspired to be the standard-bearer in a Presidential contest is this—Major McKinley is open and above board in his candidacy; the others have usually preferred to work by indirection. I must say that I prefer the McKinley method to any other, and I believe that nine out of ten Americans, of whatever party, see nothing in the method to condemn; for we are plain people in the main and have no love or admiration for the sharpness which conceals itself in darkness and reveals itself as a surprise. The good politician is the one who wins, and, as has just been pointed out, Major McKinley has not played the game unskillfully in taking the people into his confidence and telling them what he wants. And as they sympathize with him in his aspirations and agree with him in his views, the efforts to defeat him are mere idleness.

Frankness is a characteristic of Major McKinley. It is not likely that he would care to seek a nomination for any office by devious ways; it is certain that he would, in such



McKINLEY AND ONE OF HIS CONSTITUENTS.

a character, play an ungrateful part in most ungraceful fashion. Indeed, he cannot play a part; he is not an actor in any sense of the word. He is merely a plain, sincere, earnest, energetic, intellectual man who believes that through certain governmental policies the American people can achieve greater glory and more a bounding prosperity than through the opposite of those policies. Therefore he goes his way advocating those policies with an earnestness of purpose which commands the respect of opponents and rouses the enthusiasm of supporters to a greater degree than magnetic eloquence combined with the best talents for organization could do. This frankness, this candor, this earnestness, this sincerity of purpose, have always stood by him in his past public life, and he has been famous for his capacity to bring out even more than the full vote of his party ever since he first asked the suffrages of voters. Surely now, in the fullness of his manhood, when the highest place in the gift of the people is well within his grasp, no one should ask him to change his methods, for changing his methods would be changing his nature. And with a changed nature he would no longer be the Major McKinley of the people's desire.

But it is idle to discuss such a thing. It could not

(Continued on page 316.)

A REMARKABLE PERSONATION.

MRS. MARIE BATES AS "MRS. MURPHY," IN THE PLAY OF "CHIMMIE FADDEN."—COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY B. J. FALK.—[SEE PAGE 313]



"MRS. MURPHY."



"MRS. MURPHY."



MRS. MARIE BATES.



MR. CHARLES H. HOPPER AS "CHIMMIE FADDEN."—[SEE PAGE 313.]



MR. OTIS HARLAN AS "HOT STUFF," IN THE FARCE OF "A BLACK SHEEP."—PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVENS.—[SEE PAGE 313.]



"And she began, in low, clear tones, now rising."

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Copyright, 1896, by Stone & Kimball.

SYNOPSIS.

ADAM WEIR, Lord Hermiston, first the lord-advocate and then the lord justice-clerk of the senators of the College of Justice at Edinburgh, has married Jean Rutherford, last heir of her line, upon whose estate at the Scottish village of Crossmichael he resides when court is not in session. He is noted for his severity, and has become famous for the "hanging face" with which he confronts criminals—while his wife is of a mildly religious type. Their son Archibald combines the qualities of the two, but has been brought up by his mother almost exclusively. She inspires him with her religious views, so that, unconsciously, he grows to resent his father's severity and roughness. His mother having died, Archie continues his studies, having little in common with Lord Hermiston, with one of whose fellow-justices and friends, however, a scholarly gentleman of the old school, he forms a close friendship. At the trial of one Jopp, for murder, Archie is especially offended by his father's coarse remarks, and, brooding over the exhibition of what seems to him savage cruelty, he attends the execution. As the man's body falls he cries out: "I denounce this God-defying murder." The same evening, at his college debating society, he propounds the question "whether capital punishment be consistent with God's will or man's policy." A great scandal is aroused in the city by these actions of the son of Lord Hermiston. Archie meets the family doctor, who shows him by an anecdote that, under his father's granite exterior, the latter has a great love for him. This creates a revulsion in Archie's feelings. His father soon hears of his son's performances and reproaches him severely. Archie accepts the rebuke and submits himself. Nevertheless, Lord Hermiston orders him to abandon the law, and assigns him to the care of the estate at Cross-

michael. Archie goes the same evening to call on the old justice already mentioned, who comforts him and points out his father's great abilities, and together they drink the health of Lord Hermiston. Archie establishes himself on the estate, and finds still at the homestead his mother's former housekeeper, Kirstie (or Christina) Elliott, a distant relative of his mother's, who is devoted to the family fortunes. Kirstie indulges him with many long talks, recounting the history of the region. She tells him a great deal about her four nephews, formerly a wild set, but now leading quiet lives. Robert, or "Hob," is the laird of Cauldstaneslap, a small property near by. Gilbert is a weaver and independent preacher. Clement has removed to Glasgow and become a well-to-do merchant. Andrew, or "Dandie," a shepherd by trade, is a great wanderer about the country and a local poet of repute. Archie asks Kirstie if there is not a sister also. She admits that there is a young girl, Kirstie, named after herself, and now at Glasgow with Clement. Archie discovers that there is a marked coolness between the elder Kirstie and some of her nephews, the result of some old quarrel, so that they never come to see her. He goes to the Cauldstaneslap church one Sunday, and there meets the younger Kirstie. He talks with her on the way home, and she is greatly impressed by him. Her thoughts dwell on the incidents of the talk, and presently she seems driven to go abroad.

VI.—(Continued).

SHE put on a gray frock and a pink kerchief, looked at herself a moment with approval in the small square of glass that served her for a toilet mirror, and went softly down-stairs through the sleeping house that resounded with the sound of

afternoon snoring. Just outside the door Dandie was sitting with a book in his hand, not reading, only honoring the Sabbath by a sacred vacancy of mind. She came near him and stood still.

"I'm for off up the muirs, Dandie," she said.

There was something unusually soft in her tones that made him look up. She was pale, her eyes dark and bright; no trace remained of the levity of the morning.

"Aye, lass! Ye'll have ye'r ups and downs like me, I'm thinkin'," he observed.

"What for do ye say that?" she asked.

"Oh, for naething," says Dand. "Only I think ye're mair like me than the lave of them. Ye've mair of the poetic temper, tho', Guid kens, little enough of the poetic talent. It's an ill gift at the best. Look at yersel'. At denner ye were all sunshine and flowers and laughter, and now ye're like the star of evening on a lake."

She drank in this hackneyed compliment like wine, and it glowed in her veins.

"But I'm saying, Dand"—she came neare him—"I'm for the muirs. I must have a braith of air. If Clem was to be speiring for me, try and quaiet him, will ye no?"

"What way?" said Dandie. "I ken but the ae way, and that's leein'. I'll say ye had a sair heid, if ye like."

"But I havenae," she objected.

"I daur say not," he returned. "I said I would say ye had; and if ye like to nay-say me when ye come back, it'll no materially maitter, for my character's clean gane a'ready past reca'."

"Oh, Dand, are ye a leear?" she asked, lingering.

"Folks say sae," replied the bard.

"Wha says sae?" she pursued.

"Them that should ken the best," he responded. "The lassies, for ane."

"But, Dand, you would never lee to me?" she asked.

"I'll leave that for ye'r pairt of it, ye girzie," said he. "Ye'll lee to me fast eneuch, when ye hae gotten a jo. I'm tellin' ye an' it's true; when ye have a jo, Miss Kirstie, it'll be for guid an' ill. I ken: I was made that way mysel', but the deil was in my luck! Here, gang awa wi' ye to ye'r muirs, and let me be; I'm in an hour of inspiraution, ye upsettin' tawpie!"

But she clung to her brother's neighborhood, she knew not why.

"Will ye no gie 's a kiss, Dand?" she said. "I aye likit ye fine."

He kissed her and considered her a moment; he found something strange in her. But he was a libertine through and through—nourished equal contempt and suspicion of all woman-kind, and paid his way among them habitually with idle compliments.

"Gae wa' wi' ye!" said he. "Ye're a dentie baby, and be content wi' that!"

That was Dandie's way; a kiss and a comfit to Jenny, a bawbee and my blessing to Jill, and good-night to the whole clan of ye, my dears! When anything approached the serious, it became a matter for men, he both thought and said. Women, when they did not absorb, were only children to be shoo'd away. Merely in his character of connoisseur, however, Dandie glanced carelessly after his sister as she crossed the meadow. "The brat's no that bad!" he thought with surprise, for though he had just been paying her compliments, he had not really looked at her. "Hey! what's you?" For the gray dress was cut with short sleeves and skirts, and displayed her trim strong legs clad in pink stockings of the same shade as the kerchief she wore round her shoulders, and that shimmered as she went. This was not her way in undress; he knew her ways and the ways of the whole sex in the country-side—no one better; when they did not go barefoot they wore stout "rig and furrow" woolen hose of an invisible blue mostly, when they were not black outright; and Dandie, at sight of this daintiness, put two and two together. It was a silk handkerchief, then they would be silken hose; they matched, then the whole outfit was a present of Clem's—a costly present, and not something to be worn through bog and brier, or on a late afternoon of Sunday. He whistled. "My dentie May, either ye'r heid's fair turned, or there's some ongoin's!" he observed, and dismissed the subject.

She went, slowly at first, but ever straighter and faster, for the Cauldstaneslap, a pass among the hills to which the farm owed its name. The Slap opened like a doorway between two rounded hillocks; and through this ran the short cut to Hermiston. Immediately on the other side it went down through the Deil's Hags, a considerable marshy hollow of the hill tops, full of springs and crouching junipers and pools where the black peat-water slumbered. There was no view from here. A man might have sat upon the Praying Weaver's Stone a half-century and seen none but the Cauldstaneslap children twice in the twenty-four hours on their way to the school and back again, an occasional shepherd, the irruption of a clan of sheep, or the birds who haunted about the springs, drinking and shrilly piping. So, when she had once passed the Slap, Kirstie was received into seclusion. She looked back a last time at the farm. It still lay deserted except for the figure of Dandie, who was now seen to be scribbling in his lap, the hour of expected inspiration having come to him at last. Thence she passed rapidly through the morass and came to the farther end of it, where a sluggish burn discharges, and the path for Hermiston accompanies it on the beginning of its downward path. From this corner a wide view was opened to her of the whole stretch of braes upon the other side, still fallow and in places rusty with the winter, with the path marked boldly; here and there by the burn-side a tuft of birches, and—three miles off as the crow flies—from its inclosures and young plantations the windows of Hermiston glittering in the western sun.

Here she sat down and waited, and looked for a long time at those far-away bright panes of glass. It amused her to have so extended a view, she thought. It amused her to see the house of Hermiston—to see "folk"; and there was an indistinguishable human unit, perhaps the gardener, visibly sauntering on the gravel paths.

By the time the sun was down and all the easterly braes lay plunged in clear shadow she was aware of another figure coming up the path at a most unequal rate of approach, now half running, now pausing and seeming to hesitate.

PART V.

SHE watched him at first with a total suspension of thought. She held her thought as a person holds his breathing. Then she consented to recognize him. "He'll no be coming here; he cannae be; it's no possible." And there began to grow upon her a subdued, choking suspense. He was coming. His hesitations had quite ceased, his step grew firm and swift; no doubt remained; and the question loomed up before her instant: what was she to do? It was all very well to say that her brother was a laird himself; it was all very well to speak of casual intermarriages and to count cousinship, like Auntie Kirstie. The difference in their social station was trenchant; propriety, prudence, all that she had ever learned, all that she knew, bade her flee. But on the other hand, the cup of life now offered to her was too enchanting. For one moment she saw the question clearly, and definitely made her choice. She stood up and showed herself an instant in the gap relieved upon the sky-line, and the next fled trembling and sat down, glowing with excitement, on the weaver's stone. She shut her eyes, seeking, praying for composure. Her hand shook in her lap and her mind was full of incongruous and futile speeches. What was there to make a work about? She could take care of herself, she supposed! There was no harm in seeing the laird. It was the best thing that could happen. She would mark a proper distance to him at once and for all. Gradually the wheels of her nature ceased to go round so madly, and she sat in passive expectation, a quiet, solitary figure in the midst of the gray moss. I have said she was no hypocrite, but here I am at fault. She never admitted to herself that she had come up the hill to look for Archie. And perhaps, after all, she did not know; perhaps came as a stone falls. For the steps of love in the young, and especially in girls, are instinctive and unconscious.

In the meantime Archie was drawing rapidly near, and he, at least, was consciously seeking her neighborhood. The afternoon had turned to ashes in his mouth; the memory of the girl had kept him from reading and drawn him as with cords; and at last, as the cool of the evening began to come on, he had taken his hat and set forth, with a smothered ejaculation, by the moor path of Caudstaneslap. He had no hope to find her; he took the off chance without expectation of result and to relieve his uneasiness. The greater was his surprise, as he surmounted the slope and came into the hollow of the Deil's Hags, to see there, like an answer to his wishes, the little womanly figure in the gray dress and the pink kerchief, sitting little and low and lost, and acutely solitary, in those desolate surroundings and on the weather-beaten stone of the dead weaver. Those things that still smacked of winter were all rusty about her, and those things that already relished of the spring had put forth the tender and lively colors of the season. Even in the unchanging face of the death-stone changes were to be remarked; and in the channeled lettering the moss began to renew itself in jewels of green. By an afterthought that was a stroke of art she had turned up over her head the back of the kerchief; so that it now framed becomingly her vivacious and yet pensive face. Her feet were gathered under her on the one side, and she leaned on her bare arm, which showed out strong and round, tapered to a slim wrist, and shimmered in the fading light.

Young Hermiston was struck with a certain chill. He was reminded that he now dealt in serious matters of life and death. This was a grown woman he was approaching, endowed with her mysterious potencies and attractions, the treasury of the continued race, and he was neither better nor worse than the average of his sex and age. He had a certain delicacy which had preserved him hitherto unspotted, and which (had either of them guessed it) made him a more dangerous companion when his heart should be really stirred. His throat was dry as he came near; but the appalling sweetness of her smile stood between them like a guardian angel.

For she turned to him and smiled, though without rising. There was a shade in this cavalier greeting that neither of them perceived; neither he, who simply thought it gracious and charming as herself, nor yet she, who did not observe (quick as she was) the difference between rising to meet the laird and remaining seated to receive the expected admirer.

"Are ye stepping west, Hermiston?" said she, giving him his territorial name after the fashion of the country-side.

"I was," said he, a little hoarsely, "but I think I will be about the end of my stroll now. Are you like me, Miss Christina?—the house would not hold me. I came here seeking air."

He took his seat at the other end of the tombstone and studied her, wondering what was she. There was infinite import in the question alike for her and him.

"Aye," she said. "I couldnae bear the

roof, either. It's a habit of mines to come up here about the gloaming, when it's quiet and caller."

"It was a habit of my mother's, also," he said, gravely. The recollection half startled him as he expressed it. He looked around. "I have scarce been here since. It's peaceful," he said, with a long breath.

"It's no like Glasgow," she replied. "A weary place, yon Glasgow. But what a day have I had for my home-coming, and what a bonny evening!"

"Indeed, it was a wonderful day," said Archie. "I think I will remember it years and years, until I come to die. On days like this—I do not know if you feel as I do—but everything appears so brief and fragile and exquisite that I am afraid to touch life. We are here for so short a time; and all the old people before us—Rutherfords of Hermiston, Elliots of the Caudstaneslap—that were here but a while since, riding about and keeping up a great noise in this quiet corner—making love, too, and marrying—why, where are they now? It's deadly commonplace, but, after all, the commonplaces are the great poetic truths."

He was sounding her, semi-consciously, to see if she could understand him; to learn if she were only an animal the color of flowers, or had a soul in her to keep her sweet. She, on her part, her means well in hand, watched, woman-like, for any opportunity to shine, to abound in his humor, whatever that might be. The dramatic artist, that lies dormant or only half awake in most human beings, had in her sprung to his feet in a divine fury, and chance had served her well. She looked upon him with a subdued twilight look that became the hour of the day and the train of thought. Earnestness shone through her like stars in the purple west; and from the great but controlled upheaval of her whole nature there passed into her voice and rang in her lightest words a thrill of emotion.

"Have you mind of Dand's song?" she answered. "I think he'll have been trying to say what you have been thinking."

"No, I never heard it," he said. "Repeat it to me, can you?"

"It's naething wanting the tune," said Kirstie.

"Then sing it to me," said he.

"On the Lord's Day? That would never do, Mr. Weir!"

"I am afraid I am not so strict a keeper of the Sabbath, and there is no one in this place to hear us—unless the poor old ancient under the stone."

"No that I'm thinking that really," she said. "By my way of thinking, it's just as serious as a psalm. Will I sooth it to ye, then?"

"If you please," said he, and drawing near to her on the tombstone, prepared to listen.

She sat up as if to sing. "I'll only can sooth it to ye," she explained. "I wouldnae like to sing out loud on the Sabbath. I think the birds would carry news of it to Gilbert," and she smiled. "It's about the Elliots," she continued, "and I think there's few bonnier bits in the book-poets, though Dand has never got printed yet."

And she began, in the low, clear tones of her half voice, now sinking almost to a whisper, now rising to a particular note which was her best, and which Archie learned to wait for with growing emotion:

"O they rade in the rain, in the days that are gane,

In the rain and the wind and the lave;
They shoutit in the ha' and they routit on the hill,

But they're a' quaitit noo in the grave.
Auld, auld Elliots; clay-cauld Elliots; dour,
bauld Elliots of auld!"

All the time she sang she looked steadfastly before her, her knees straight, her hands upon her knees, her head cast back and up. The expression was admirable throughout, for had she not learned it from the lips and under the criticism of the author? When it was done she turned upon Archie a face softly bright, and eyes gently suffused and shining in the twilight, and his heart rose and went out to her with boundless pity and sympathy. His question was answered. She was a human being tuned to a sense of the tragedy of life; there were pathos and music and a great heart in the girl.

He arose instinctively, she also; for she saw she had gained a point and scored the impression deeper, and she had wit enough left to flee upon a victory. They were but commonplaces that remained to be exchanged, but the low, moved voices in which they passed made them sacred in the memory. In the falling grayness of the evening he watched her figure winding through the morass, saw it turn a last time and wave a hand, and then pass through the Slap; and it seemed to him as if something went along with her out of the deepest of his heart.

And something surely had come, and come to dwell there. He had retained from childhood a picture, now half obliterated by the passage of time and the multitude of fresh impressions,

of his mother telling him, with the fluttered earnestness of her voice, and often with drooping tears, the tale of the "Praying Weaver," on the very scene of his brief tragedy and long repose. And now there was a companion-piece; and he beheld, and he should behold forever, Christina perched on the same tomb, in the gray colors of the evening, gracious, dainty, perfect as a flower, and she also singing—

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago";

of their common ancestors, now dead; of their rude wars composed, their weapons buried with them, and of these strange changelings, their descendants, who lingered a little in their places, and would soon be gone also, and perhaps sung of by others at the gloaming hour. By one of the unconscious arts of tenderness the two women were enshrined together in his memory. Tears, in that hour of sensibility, came into his eyes indifferently at the thought of either, and the girl, from being something merely bright and shapely, was caught up into the zone of things serious as life and death and his dead mother. So that in all ways and on either side Fate played his game artfully with this poor pair of children. The generations were prepared, the pangs were made ready, before the curtain rose on the dark drama.

In the same moment of time that she disappeared from Archie there opened before Kirstie's eyes the cup-like hollow in which the farm lay. She saw, some five hundred feet below her, the house making itself bright with candles, and this was a broad hint to her to hurry. For they were only kindled on a Sabbath night, with a view to that family worship which rounded in the incomparable tedium of the day and brought on the relaxation of supper. Already she knew that Robert must be within-sides at the head of the table, "waiting the portions"; for it was Robert in his quality of family priest and judge, not the gifted Robert, who officiated. She made good time accordingly down the steep ascent, and came up to the door panting as the three younger brothers, all roused at last from slumber, stood together in the cool and the dark of the evening with a fry of nephews and nieces about them, chatting and awaiting the expected signal. She stood back; she had no mind to direct attention to her late arrival or to her laboring breath.

"Kirstie, ye have shaved it this time, my lass!" said Clem. "Whaur were ye?"

"Oh, just taking a dander by myself," said Kirstie.

And the talk continued on the subject of the American war, without further reference to the truant who stood by them in the covert of the dusk, thrilling with happiness and the sense of guilt.

The signal was given and the brothers began to go in one after another, amid the jostle and throng of Hob's children.

Only Dandie, waiting till the last, caught Kirstie by the arm. "When did ye begin to dander in pink hosen, Mistress Elliott?" he whispered, slyly.

She looked down; she was one blush. "I maun have forgotten to change them," said she; and went in to prayers in her turn with a troubled mind, between anxiety as to whether Dand should have observed her yellow stockings at church and should thus detect her in a palpable falsehood, and shame that she had already made good his prophecy. She remembered the words of it, how it was to be when she had gotten a jo, and that that would be for good and evil. "Will I have gotten my jo now?" she thought, with a secret rapture.

And all through prayers, where it was her principal business to conceal the pink stockings from the eyes of the indifferent Mrs. Hob, and all through supper, as she made a feint of eating and sat at the table radiant and constrained—and again when she had left them and come into her chamber and was alone with her sleeping niece, and could at last lay aside the armor of society—the same words sounded within her, the same profound note of happiness, of a world all changed and renewed, of a day that had been passed in paradise, and of a night that was to be heaven opened. All night she seemed to be conveyed smoothly upon a shallow stream of sleep and waking, and through the bowers of Beulah; all night she cherished to her heart that exquisite hope; and if, toward morning, she forgot it a while in a more profound unconsciousness, it was to catch again the rainbow thought with her first moment of awaking.

VII.

ENTER MEPHISTOPHELES.

Two days later a gig from Crossmichael deposited Frank Innes at the doors of Hermiston. Once in a way, during the past winter, Archie, in some acute phase of boredom, had written him a letter. It had contained something in the nature of an invitation, or a reference to an invitation—precisely what, neither of them now remembered. When Innes had received it there had been nothing further from his mind

than to bury himself in the moors with Archie; but not even the most acute political heads are guided through the steps of life with unerring directness. That would require a gift of prophecy which has been denied to man. For instance, who could have imagined that, not a month after he had received the letter and turned it into mockery, and put off answering it, and in the end lost it, misfortunes of a gloomy cast should begin to thicken over Frank's career? His case may be briefly stated. His father, a small Morayshire laird with a large family, became recalcitrant and cut off the supplies; he had fitted himself out with the beginnings of quite a good law library, which, upon some sudden losses on the turf, he had been obliged to sell before they were paid for; and his book-seller, hearing some rumor of the event, took out a warrant for his arrest. Innes had early word of it, and was able to take precautions. In this immediate welter of his affairs, with an unpleasant charge hanging over him, he had judged it the part of prudence to be off instantly, had written a fervid letter to his father at Inverauld, and put himself in the coach of Crossmichael. Any port in a storm! He was manfully turning his back on the Parliament House and its gay babble, on porter and oysters, the race-course and the ring; and manfully prepared, until these clouds should have blown by, to share a living grave with Archie Weir at Hermiston.

To do him justice, he was no less surprised to be going than Archie was to see him come; and he carried off his wonder with an infinitely better grace.

"Well, here I am!" said he, as he alighted. "Pylades has come to Orestes at last. By the way, did you get my answer? No? How very provoking! Well, here I am to answer for myself, and that's better still."

"I am very glad to see you, of course," said Archie. "I make you heartily welcome, of course. But you surely have not come to stay, with the courts still sitting! Is that not most unwise?"

"D— the courts!" says Frank. "What are the courts to friendship and a little fishing?"

And so it was agreed that he was to stay, with no term to the visit but the term which he had privily set to it himself—the day, namely, when his father should have come down with the dust, and he should be able to pacify the book-seller. On such vague conditions there began for these two young men (who were not even friends) a life of great familiarity and, as the days drew on, less and less intimacy. They were together at meal-times, together o' nights when the hour had come for whisky toddy; but it might have been noticed (had there been any one to pay heed) that they were rarely so much together by day. Archie had Hermiston to attend to, multifarious activities in the hills, in which he did not require, and had even refused, Frank's escort. He would be off sometimes in the morning and leave only a note on the breakfast-table to announce the fact; and sometimes, with no notice at all, he would not return for dinner until the hour was long past. Innes groaned under these desertions; it required all his philosophy to sit down to a solitary breakfast with composure, and all his unaffected good-nature to be able to greet Archie with friendliness on the more rare occasions when he came home late for dinner.

"I wonder what on earth he finds to do, Mrs. Elliott?" said he one morning, after he had just read the hasty billet and sat down to table.

"I suppose it will be business, sir," replied the housekeeper, dryly, measuring his distance off to him by an indicated courtesy.

"But I can't imagine what business!" he reiterated.

"I suppose it will be his business," retorted the austere Kirstie.

He turned to her with that happy brightness that made the charm of his disposition, and broke into a peal of healthy and natural laughter.

"Well played, Mrs. Elliott!" he cried, and the housekeeper's face relaxed into the shadow of an iron smile. "Well played, indeed!" said he. "But you must not be making a stranger of me like that. Why, Archie and I were at the high school together, and we've been to college together, and we were going to the Bar together, when—you know! Dear, dear me, what a pity that was! A life spoiled, a fine young fellow as good as buried here in the wilderness with rustics; and all for what? A frolic—silly, if you like, but no more. God, how good your scones are, Mrs. Elliott!"

"They're no mines; it was the lassie made them," said Kirstie. "And, saving your presence, there's little sense in taking the Lord's name in vain about idle vivers that you fill your kyte wi'."

"I dare say you're perfectly right, ma'am," quoth the imperturbable Frank. "But, as I was saying, this is a pitiable business, this about poor Archie; and you and I might do worse than put our heads together, like a couple of sensible people, and bring it to an end. Let me

tell you, ma'am, that Archie is really quite a promising young man, and in my opinion he might do well at the Bar. As for his father, no one can deny his ability, and I don't fancy any one would care to deny that he has the devil's own temper—"

"If you'll excuse me, Mr. Innes, I think the lass is crying on me," said Kirstie, and floated from the room.

"The cross-grained old broomstick!" ejaculated Innes.

In the meantime, Kirstie had escaped into the kitchen, and before her vassal gave vent to her feelings.

(To be continued.)



"Chimmie Fadden" and "Mrs. Murphy."

I CALLED upon two well-known characters at the Standard Theatre one evening last week—*Chimmie Fadden*, the bold Bowery boy, and that jewel of comic ineptitude, *Mrs. Murphy*.

Chimmie, in the person of Charles H. Hopper, was not the least bit "tough," and as for *Mrs. Murphy*, she was as sober as "the judge that sint Larry up for six year." Her voice, too, was soft and refined—very different, I assure you, from the doleful, raucous tones in which she tells how "they tuk *Chimmie* away in th' ambylance."

"I am a bit rattled to-night," said Mr. Hopper, after I had introduced myself. "I have just been in front, persuading a man that the mere fact of his having lived on the Bowery for twenty years did not entitle him to two free seats for the show. But you don't want to hear about a manager's woes; it's my awful past



MARIE BATES AS "MRS. MURPHY."

Copyright, 1896, by B. J. Falk.

you're after. Well, here goes. I am thirty-three years old. Born in Cleveland. I am not a graduate of Yale, as has been stated, for I remained there (class of '81) only a few months. My first professional engagement was with James O'Neill, season of '82-'83. Then for two seasons I played in 'The Silver King,' afterward supporting Harry Lacy in 'The Planter's Wife.' Leaving the profession to its fate, I next entered a very different field. With H. C. Clark, of Elmira, the well-known horseman, I bought the racing stallion Bellboy, at an auction sale, for \$51,000. Bellboy was burned to death in his stable soon after he became our property, and I went back to the stage, this time appearing in light opera. I originated the part of the *Duke of Milan* in 'The Fencing Master.' It's a nifty thing to tell, but in Rich & Harris's production of 'Africa' I introduced 'Sweet Marie' to an indulgent public."

"Let us come down to cues," I interposed.

"What about 'Chimmie Fadden'?"

"Last spring, while starring in 'The Vale of Avoca,' I ordered the play written. Mr. Townsend was aided in his work by Augustus Thomas. Mr. A. M. Palmer came to New Haven, saw us do our worst, and the result was that we got 'time' at the Garden Theatre. For further particulars I refer you to that garrulous old party, *Mrs. Murphy*, else I shall keep the stage waiting."

"I like to read the newspapers," said Marie Bates, in reply to one of my "feelers"; "they tell you so much that is fresh and new about yourself. One grave and reverend critic, I see, has me down as 'a remarkable character-actress, hitherto unknown.' Let us see how 'unknown' I am. As far back as '76 I played at the Star (then Wallack's) in 'Woodleigh,' and have since been a member of the stock companies of John E. Owens, William Henderson, John Ellsler, J. T. Ford, and Henry Abbey. I was with John Stetson for three years; I am a Bostonian, you know. Last June I closed with

Neil Burgess's 'County Fair' road company, in which I had played *Abigail Prue* for five seasons, having been originally engaged for sixteen weeks. And that reminds me; Mr. Hopper and the rest of us thought 'Chimmie Fadden' was good for about six weeks in New York. Perhaps you noticed that 'one-hundredth-performance' sign as you came in, and the end is not yet. These are the pleasant surprises of the profession."

"What has been your most interesting professional experience?"

"My two years' European tour with Jarrett & Palmer's spectacular production of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. That was in '78. We visited England, Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, and Austria. In Germany, where I remained over a year, I played *Topsy* in the language of the country, surrounded by a German company."

"Have you essayed many black-face parts?"

"I have been closely identified with them during a considerable portion of my stage career. By the way, I was the original *Martha* in 'The White Slave.' It was given a grand production at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in '83, I think. Georgia Cayvan and W. J. Scanlan were in the cast."

"Is there any truth in the report that you intend to star next season?"

"None whatever. I have no desire to exchange peace of mind and the certainty of a snug salary for the risks and vexations of management. Where one star succeeds, a dozen fail. When my husband, Mark Bates, was living, we thought of starrng together, but after his death that plan went the way of others. Perhaps I have not the same courage or initiative now."

"Did you study *Mrs. Murphy* from life?"

"No, indeed; she is purely a creation of my own. While we may see just such characters daily, I am proud to say that intuitively I 'hold the mirror up to nature.' Speaking generally, I do not work from observation of actual life. I carefully read a new part many times, and even though my speeches are not vitally connected with the scenes in which I appear, there comes to me instinctively a knowledge of what the material I work with demands. Then it is astonishing what costume and facial make-up will do. I am not Marie Bates, but that other being, the moment I get into harness."

ROBERT STODART.

OTIS HARLAN AS "HOT STUFF."

Mr. Hoyt's farces might not withstand a Schlegel analysis, nor could our highest critical authorities give them unqualified indorsement as elevators of the stage. Before the great tribunal of the American public, however, their vindication has been always triumphant. They have season runs in the metropolis, and on the circuit they fill the theatres year after year. They are so essentially and unmixedly American that they would miss fire with foreigners if their author-manager had time to take them abroad. The latest perfect example in their kind is "A Black Sheep," still current at Mr. Hoyt's Madison Square Theatre, where it has been holding forth uproariously for some months past. The dominant character in this piece is *Hot Stuff* (Mr. Otis Harlan), the sportive "black sheep" of a nice New York family, who wins his sobriquet by an Arizona episode in the first act. The rest of the play is in the contrasted environment of New York City, where *Hot Stuff* assumes the ultra garb of "the English as we see them on Broadway." As such he is represented in the photographic portrait which is reproduced. Mr. Hoyt has been exceptionally fortunate in his choice of an interpreter for this rôle, inasmuch as Mr. Harlan's personal experience in real life is understood to have been not unlike that which he portrays so imitantly on the stage. In real life many men know how to take a drink at a bar, to carry on two courtships simultaneously, or to sing and dance. But to do all these things as Mr. Harlan does them in this play requires a light-character comedian of the first rank.

HENRY TYRRELL.

College Girls Play Basket-Ball.

The first intercollegiate game of basket-ball ever played on the Pacific coast took place in the Page Street Armory, San Francisco, early in April. The contestants were girls from the University of California and Stanford University, and better-trained teams have seldom stepped on a foot-ball field.

The eighteen students picked for the contest had been carefully trained in the university gymnasiums. All have had regular and systematic training for years; many are expert bicyclists, and for two months they had eaten at a training-table, under strict training rules, eschewing the sweets and non-essentials presumed to be so dear to the feminine palate.

No men were admitted to the game, though the police in the neighborhood had great diffi-

culty in keeping the passage-ways and roof of the armory clear. Seven hundred women of fashion, among whom were many college students and attendants at the fashionable seminaries where basket-ball is a fad, composed the audience. They were decorated with the colors of the rival teams—blue and gold for California, and cardinal for Stanford—and cheered and gave the college yell almost continuously for two hours.

The costume of the Stanford team consisted of a cardinal sweater, worn without stays or a belt, brown bloomers, a cardinal polo cap with a dancing tassel, black stockings and black gymnasium shoes. The Berkeley girls wore white sweaters, blue bloomers, black stockings and shoes, with the college monogram, belt and shoulder-knots of blue and gold.

The game was played in two halves of twenty minutes each, with ten minutes between, when the girls were rubbed down. There was nothing easy or feminine about the game. There were many falls, when three girls or more went down with a crash, some fine exhibitions of the high jump, and great speed and endurance shown. No one was injured, which spoke well for the training, and no substitutes were called in.

The teams lined up as follows:

Stanford.	Positions.	Berkeley.
Miss Ryan.....	Home.....	Miss Brownell
Miss Morley.....	Left Forward.....	Miss Jones
Miss Ducker.....	Right Forward.....	Miss Robinson
Captain McCray.....	Centre.....	Captain Griswold
Miss Merritt.....	Left Centre.....	Miss McCleave
Miss Corbert.....	Right Centre.....	Miss Terrill
Miss Keifer.....	Guard.....	Miss Williams
Miss Clark.....	Left Guard.....	Miss Palmer
Miss Tucker.....	Right Guard.....	Miss Grace

During the first half Stanford made one goal and Berkeley one, and the score stood one to one when time was called. In the second half Stanford scored on a foul and Berkeley failed to score, giving the game to the wearers of the cardinal by one point. Throughout the game the play of the Stanford team was quicker and more snappy than that of their opponents. The girls were smaller than the Berkeley girls and lighter on their feet. Stanford also showed more coolness and better aim when the ball was thrown into the basket, which hung ten feet from the floor. The Berkeley girls were taller, heavier, and stronger. They made four fouls to Stanford's two, but showed greater endurance, played better than their opponents toward the close of the second half, and would have won the game had the guards been up to their work. Miss Clark and Miss Tucker made the scores for Stanford, and Miss Jones for Berkeley.

Both teams were greeted with the wildest enthusiasm and the victors were carried from the room. On their return to their colleges they were met with bands of music and escorted to a student banquet. The Berkeley girls, though defeated, were made members of the athletic association—the first time the honor has been conferred upon women.

The gate receipts were divided between the teams. Stanford will devote its money to building a cinder track for women. The Berkeley money will go toward defraying the expenses of the athletic team (male) on its approaching Eastern tour.

In future, the spring contest between the "coeds" will rival in interest the foot-ball battle between the college men which makes Thanksgiving the greatest day of the athletic year.

MABEL CRAFT.

A Charming American Singer.

AMONG the singers who have charmed American audiences during the past year, none has been more cordially received and welcomed than Mrs. Marie Van der Veer Green, of London. This reception and welcome were not only



MRS. MARIE VAN DER VEER GREEN.

due to Mrs. Green's superb and beautifully trained contralto voice, but to her remarkable beauty, cultivation and charm of manner, and to the fact that although she has resided in London since her marriage, both she and her husband are Americans. Mrs. Green is a member

of the old family of Van der Veer and was born in Brooklyn. Her voice as a young girl gave great promise, and after her marriage, when her husband became the London manager of a large American exporting firm, she went to Paris and studied under Marchesi.

Her American birth and associations made her at home in this country at once upon her first appearance in concert here last November. After spending several weeks in New York, where her voice and beauty made her prominent, and the recipient of unusual social attention, she started on a tour of eleven weeks with Madame Albani through Canada and the West. From this tour she returned early in April, and after a short stay in New York returned to St. Louis and Chicago, where she repeated the successes she won earlier in the year. Mrs. Green's best work has been done in the "Messiah," which is also her favorite work. She recently made a tour of New Zealand and Australia, where she also achieved a rare success.

Still a young woman, Mrs. Green would seem to have a brilliant career before her. It is possible that she may come to Newport during the coming summer, where she is certain of a warm social welcome. She will sail for her London home on May 6th.

People Talked About.

—In a recent article Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox states that she "plunged into literature at

the age of eight," and she has kept at it continuously ever since. She expects to publish three new books during the present year. One of these is a novel, and the others are books

of poems; one for children

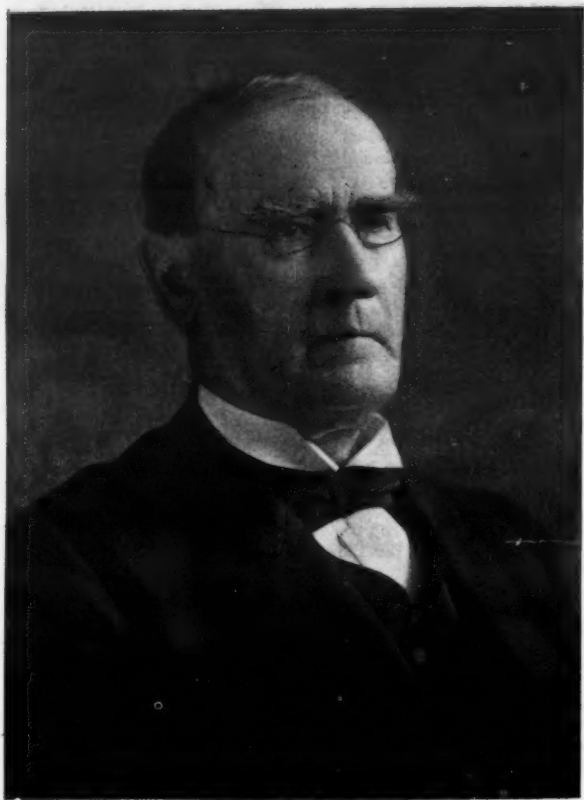
and the other a long, dramatic story in verse, "which she is striving to make better than anything she has ever written." She acknowledges that her methods of composing have undergone a great change since she was a girl. "I consider ten lines," she says, "a very good day's work now, and there are days when I do not write more than two. On the other hand, I have written as many as forty, but only when I feel inspiration, and am in the best possible condition."

—James Whitcomb Riley is immensely popular with every Indiana boy who knows him, and those who enjoy an intimate acquaintance with the poet call him "Jim," just as if he was "one of their crowd." Mr. Riley made his debut as a platform talker before a group of boys who gathered in Indianapolis one evening with their parents to hear him tell some bear stories. That was eighteen years or so ago.

—Among the several aspirants for the Republican Presidential nomination Senator Quay alone will be a delegate to the nominating convention. The other candidates have been content to commit their interests to their friends, and there can hardly be a doubt that they have taken the wiser course in thus observing precedent. The spectacle of a candidate for the Presidency participating personally in the proceedings of the convention, and managing his own campaign from the position of advantage thus enjoyed, is not greatly calculated to awaken the admiration of right-minded beholders.

—The Christian world will applaud as it deserves the active intervention of Monsieur Gerard, the French minister to China, in behalf of religious toleration in that empire. Minister Denby, in a recent communication to the State Department at Washington, states that through Monsieur Gerard's efforts the Tsung Li Yamen have directed the local authorities throughout all the provinces of the empire to expunge from the various editions and compilations of the Chinese code all restrictions upon the propagation of the Christian religion. If this policy shall be actually carried out the event will be the most notable triumph of liberal ideas which has occurred in this generation in connection with mission work.

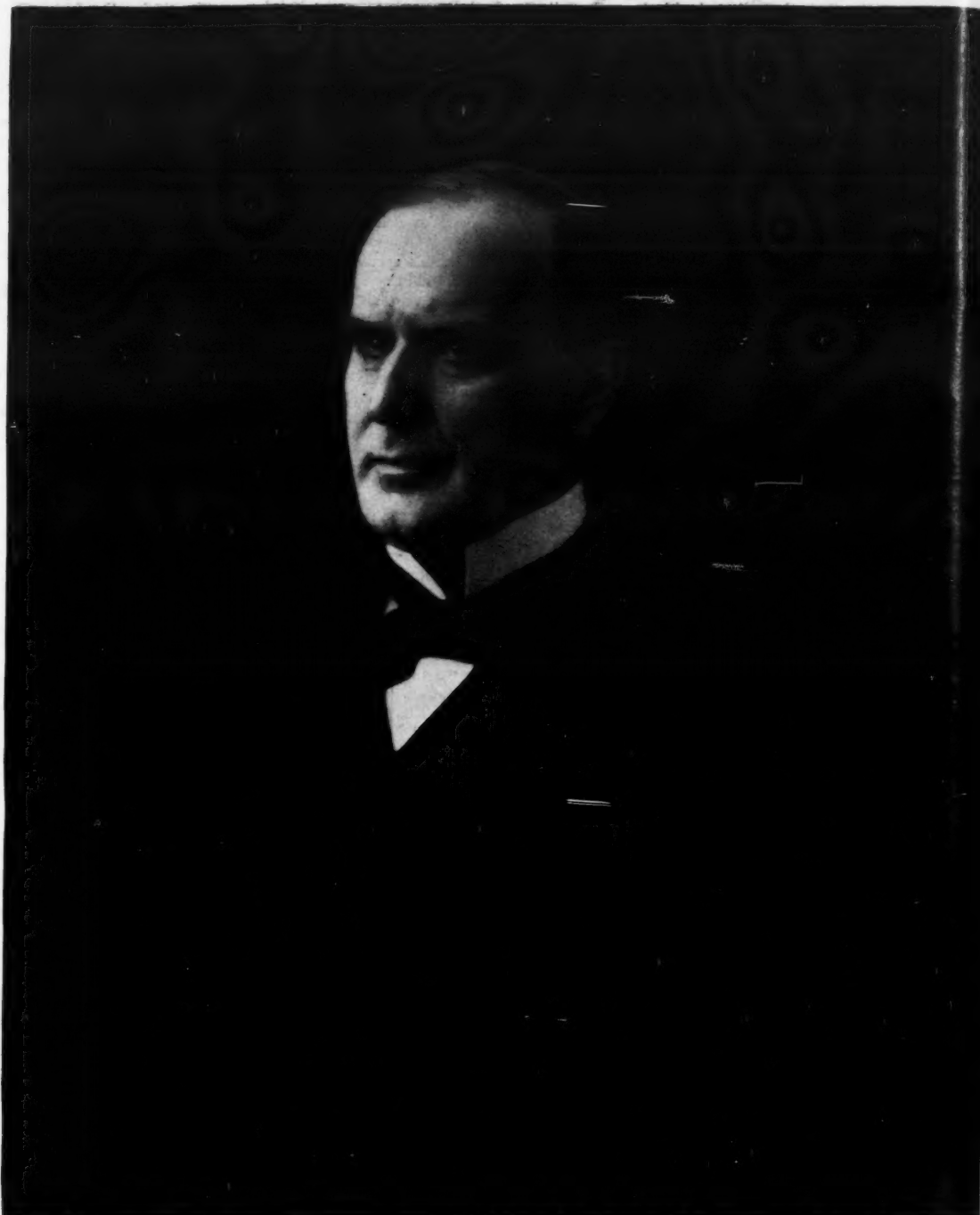
—Mr. William Waldorf Astor, as we showed in a recent article, has been the object of a good deal of ill-natured criticism because he has chosen to reside abroad and to manage his own interests in his own way. He has submitted uncompromisingly to the flagellations of censorious penny-a-liners, but in a recent note accompanying a subscription of one thousand dollars toward the erection in this city of a statue to William the Silent he showed that he has not been indifferent to the treatment in question. In this note Mr. Astor says: "The faculty of self-restraint under cowardly and brutal misrepresentation and abuse such as William the Silent endured, lifelong, without a word, deserves a place among the heroic virtues."



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, FATHER OF MAJOR MCKINLEY, GOVERNOR.
Copyright-d, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



THE PUBLIC SQUARE IN CANTON, OHIO.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY.—From a copyright photograph, 1896, by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



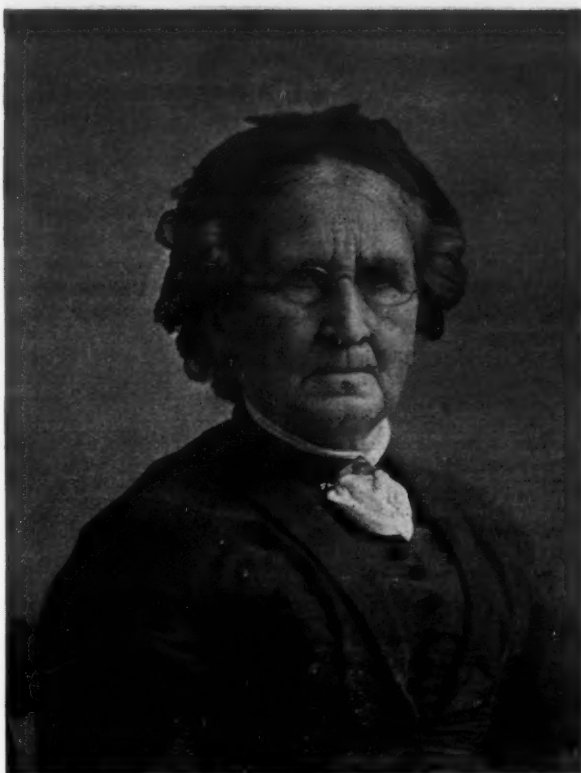
MAJOR MCKINLEY AT A DINNER OF THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE-TARIFF LEAGUE.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



MAJOR MCKINLEY ON HIS STUMPING TOUR THROUGH NEW YORK STATE.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.—Photograph by Urbin & Pfeifer.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, MOTHER OF MAJOR MCKINLEY.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, MOTHER OF MAJOR MCKINLEY.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



BIRTH-PLACE OF MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY, AT NILES, OHIO.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



DRAWING-ROOM OF THE MCKINLEY RESIDENCE.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



THE RESIDENCE OF MAJOR MCKINLEY, AT CANTON, OHIO.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



MAJOR MCKINLEY IN HIS LIBRARY.
Copyrighted, 1896, by LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

A STUDY OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

(Continued from page 309.)

happen. Whether a candidate for the nomination or a candidate for the Presidency, he must always be the same—a plain and an honest man, without affectations and with no capacity whatever for make-believe. And when he takes office as chief magistrate he will still be the same, for he needs not to assume any of the dignity of office; he has all the dignity now that any man, however great his place, will ever need; he has the dignity that attaches to a pure and an upright life; he has the dignity of truth and the dignity of a high patriotism which could never falter, however great the demand made upon it.

I have just left him in his modest home in Canton, where he is kept extremely busy attending to a correspondence which grows larger every day. Not all of each day, however, can be given up to letters and telegrams, for each train that arrives in Canton brings him a delegation of visitors. An inexperienced person would be flustered by these visitors, not all of whom are as tactful as well-trained diplomats. But Major McKinley is as much at his ease as possible. In part, this ease of manner is no doubt due to training, but not entirely so. He goes through his day's interviews with ease to himself and with extreme courtesy to his guests. He accomplishes this mainly, I think, by reason of the fact that he has an extremely kind heart and a most patient nature. Politeness, we all know, is slain by impatience and nourished in genuine kindness. Therefore, when we count Major McKinley a very polite man, we must give him credit for the other pleasant virtues suggested. I trust I may not be misunderstood and convey to any the idea that Major McKinley has the manner in the least of the hand-shaking, palavering office-seeker, who is bent on making an impression and securing an advantage because of his affability. No, Major McKinley does not put on his politeness as a garment; it is a part of him. In the House of Representatives, when he was the leader of his party and strife was at its highest, he was always calm amid the turmoil, and no provocation of partisan warfare ever ruffled the gracefulness of his high courtesy. When he takes office next March there will surely be a gentleman in the White House.

It is far from my purpose to make any incursion on the privacy of Major McKinley's little home in Canton, but it is quite true that the business of the campaign has so overgrown the ordinary office-room of the house that the whole of it, bed-rooms and all, is given up during the day to be the work-shops of secretaries, stenographers, and typewriters, and it is doubtful whether a private residence, while still used as such, was ever more completely given over to political business. The business is unquestionably of a very simple sort, for Major McKinley is not putting up jobs on his rivals, and it consists mainly in receiving visitors, many of them from a great distance, and in writing letters and telegrams. About it all, however, there is a quiet system, and no appearance of nervousness or over-anxiety. To be sure, when any good news is brought, satisfaction is expressed, but there is no high tension in Canton, no nervous strain, no evidence of apprehension. Instead of that, all goes on smoothly, like the affairs of a bank with good deposits and a rich reserve, or like the affairs of a well-organized railroad whose trains avoid mishaps and always arrive on time.

The pictures thus far given to the public of Major McKinley represent him quite fairly, as he is an admirable subject for either photographer or artist. His face is sharply cut and very strong in its outlines; the bumps of penetration over the eyes are accentuated by ample brows which retain the original brown of youth. Indeed, his hair, though thin, is still brown, and is another evidence of youth preserved into maturity. In dress he is evidently careful, because he is by nature neat and cleanly, but he is as far as possible from a fashion-plate figure. His clothes seem to be neither new nor old, and would attract no comment whatever. Their fit would not please a dandy, but it is just as a gentleman's should be—appropriate for the man who wears them. I should be quite surprised to see Major McKinley go abroad in other than a frock-coat; I should be a little shocked, I fancy, to see him sport a billycock hat. I have no knowledge on the subject, but I fancy that he tells his tailor exactly what he wants and never bothers himself any further. He is in height, I guess, about five feet, eight inches, and as his figure is well rounded he will weigh something like one hundred and eighty pounds. He is alert and graceful in his movements, and appears to be in strong and vigorous health. His face, however, is pale, and he has the appearance of a student who spends more time in library and study than in out-door recreation. I am told that he does not need much exercise, and his biographer, Mr. Porter, intimates that

a half-mile walk is to him what a five-mile tramp would be to most men.

With his neighbors in Canton—one of the prettiest small cities in the country, by the way—he is on most cordial terms, and they drop in on him without any formality, sure always of a friendly welcome. It is my experience that Americans are usually possessed with a deal of cynicism as to the merits of most men with whom they come in intimate contact. About such men there is no veil of ideality, and we see their short-comings, their littlenesses, and sometimes their meannesses, too. When a man has lived for more than a quarter of a century in one community, where every man knows every other man, and that man still has the capacity to arouse universal enthusiasm as to his worth, his ability, and his honesty, then we may be sure that there is no pretense, no humbug about him. And such is Major McKinley's position in Canton and in Stark County, together with the neighborhood thereabouts. He is so clearly the first citizen that no one has ever suggested a rival. This little city has grown during the last decade or so in a most gratifying way, and has manufactures at once very large and very prosperous. But, as the editor of the local paper said to me, Canton is better known to the world as the residence of Major McKinley than on all other accounts combined. When he was in Congress he secured a public building for his town, and he was most fortunate in the design; whether he had ought to do with this I know not. Nor did I know that this building was the property of the United States when I saw it. Usually one can tell a government building from afar off, because, in ninety-and-nine cases out of a hundred, such buildings are monuments of ugliness according to the long-prevailing Mullett style of architecture. But the Canton building is handsome, dignified, and appropriate—a notable exception to the style of mixed periods and ungraceful over-ornamentation. It may be that Major McKinley takes an interest in architecture, and that this interest is regulated by knowledge and good taste; if this be so he will have an admirable opportunity for reform when he takes office as chief executive, and deserves the support of all the architectural leagues in the country.

The wife of Major McKinley, as is tolerably well known, has been long an invalid. Her poor health does not prevent her, however, from taking an interest in everything that concerns her husband. They were married twenty-five years ago, and are living now in the house to which they went as bride and groom. Two children have been born to them, but these died years ago under circumstances of most peculiar sadness. Mrs. McKinley has never quite recovered the effects of these bereavements, and her invalidism appears to be the continuing results of these nervous shocks. She is about her house, however, every day, attending to her domestic duties with a cheery courage at once admirable and pathetic. Wherever duty has called her husband she has been his companion, and the careful attentions he gave to her have been remarked ever since Major McKinley attracted, by his public services, the attention and the regard of the nation. No matter how engrossing his public work, he has always found time to look after even the smallest of his wife's wants, to look after them personally and not delegate such duties either to friends or servants. In health, I am told, Mrs. McKinley was rarely beautiful, and as Ida Saxton she was easily the belle of the Northwestern Reserve. And she is lovely still—lovely with the refinement of patient suffering, beautiful with the courage which conquers the painful disabilities of little health.

Having taken a glimpse at the man as he is to-day, let us review briefly the career which has led up to this well-rounded character, this accomplished, earnest, and sincere statesman. William McKinley was born in Niles, Ohio, in 1844, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His forefathers settled in Pennsylvania, and two of his great-grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolutionary War. His father, who only died a few years ago, was born on a farm, but was during all his active life an iron-maker, operating foundries and furnaces. Not long after the birth of his son William, the elder McKinley moved with his family to Poland, because of the educational advantages of that place. When five years old the son, whose career we are tracing, started to school and continued there for eleven years, when he was graduated from the academy. He at once secured a place as teacher of a school in Poland, and retained this until May, 1861, when he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that the only past President of the United States who ever shouldered a musket as a private soldier was Andrew Jackson, who served in that capacity in the war of the Revolution. Mr. Cleveland had a chance to do this when he was

drafted during the Civil War, but he sent a substitute. McKinley was soon promoted to be a sergeant, and was attached first to the headquarters of General Rutherford B. Hayes, and then to that of General George Crook. On account of gallant conduct at Antietam, General Hayes requested that he be given a commission, and this was done. He was promoted first-lieutenant and captain, and in 1865 he was breveted major "for gallant and efficient services." In September, 1865, this veteran of more than four years' service was mustered out; when he returned to civil life he was just six months past his twenty-first birthday. Major McKinley's experiences in the field were in no sense holiday-like, as he participated in much of the toughest fighting of the war, and he was always in the thick of it. Several soldiers have been President of the United States, but all of these have been field-officers, save Lieutenant-Colonel James Monroe, of the Revolutionary War, and Captain Abraham Lincoln, of the Black Hawk War; so Major McKinley, of the Ohio Volunteers, will make the third of this class, and doubtless he will, as Colonel Monroe did, preserve his military title after having worn others of greater distinction, and be Major McKinley to the last.

He studied law at Warren, Ohio, and attended the lectures at the Albany Law School. In 1867 he was admitted to the Bar and settled at once in Canton, which has ever since been his home. In 1869 he was elected District-Attorney of Stark County, and served as such two years. Then he returned to his private practice, in which he was abundantly successful, proving himself an able advocate, who prepared his cases with great care and always knew them thoroughly.

In 1876 Major McKinley was elected to Congress as a Republican and entered upon his new legislative duties with a quiet energy which made experienced observers quickly predict for him a great Congressional career. He had the advantage at this time of being an intimate at the White House, of which his old commander, General Hayes, was then the occupant. It is said that the late William D. Kelly (Pig-Iron Kelly, he was often called) remarked to a friend "That young man," pointing to McKinley, "will be my successor as the champion of American industries." Surely there was never a truer prediction, as he became chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in the Fifty-first Congress, and prepared and carried through the famous Tariff bill which bears his name. He was re-elected to all the succeeding Congresses between the Forty-fifth and Fifty-first, but in the Forty-eighth Congress his election was contested and his opponent seated, late in the session. After much carefully unscrupulous gerrymandering Major McKinley's district was arranged so that there was a normal Democratic majority of three thousand. For the Fifty-second Congress, Mr. Warwick, a man of great wealth and business influence, was put up to oppose Major McKinley. The fight was a great one, and was watched by the whole country. Mr. Warwick was elected by three hundred votes. This was considered quite generally as a virtual victory for Major McKinley, and he was never stronger with the people and with his party than in this moment of seeming defeat.

The next year Major McKinley was elected Governor of Ohio, and two years later he was re-elected. On the second occasion the majority of twenty-one thousand of 1891 was increased to eighty thousand. As Governor he strengthened himself in the esteem of all who had knowledge of what the public questions in Ohio meant. So efficient was his administration of Ohio affairs that it is safe to predict that, no matter who is the Democratic candidate, the McKinley electors will have the largest majority Ohio ever gave for anybody. Major McKinley has always been in great demand as a campaign speaker, and in the canvass which resulted in the complete unhorsing of the Democratic party he probably made more speeches than any other orator. As a speaker he is effective and persuasive, because he thoroughly believes in the doctrines which he advocates; his hearers never suspect that Major McKinley is trifling with them or with himself. He discloses himself with entire frankness, and the audience, seeing a true man fighting for what he believes a true cause, cannot fail to respect and to admire, and in large measure also to believe.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A Pilgrim.

"Why do you look at Fate
With such soft, contented eyes,
Like a ransomed soul at the gate
Of some certain paradise?"

"Your hair has been touched with gray,
Your garb is of mourning hue;
What can Life have to say
That is still so sweet to you?"

"Long ago youth went by,
Passion and hope are dead."
"But that is the reason why
Life is so sweet," she said.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

A Theologian's Jubilee.

WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, D.D., LL.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey, will have, on Tuesday, May 5th, a jubilee commemoration of his life and labors. In 1840 he was graduated, at the age of fifteen, from Lafayette College; immediately became a tutor there, in mathematics, for three years; was graduated from the Princeton Seminary, in theology, in 1846, and was at once appointed, being only twenty-one, instructor in Hebrew. There he is to-day; only he has been promoted from his tutorship, which he held three years, to be, at first, professor of Biblical and Oriental literature, and now, of Oriental and Old Testament literature.

More than any other man of our day, he stands as the exponent and bulwark of the old faith, in opposition to the "higher criticism." For some twenty-five years the church has been sailing over troubled seas; but Dr. Green, most amply prepared for it, has not failed to meet the emergency. The writings of Colenso, Kuenen, Wellhausen, and W. Robertson Smith,



WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, D.D., LL.D.

chief champions of the higher criticism, have been so thoroughly examined and met by him that the old beliefs still remain regnant. During these years his lecture-room has rung with his well-considered views and interpretations. Over three thousand students have been his pupils, and have carried into the world a knowledge, and, most of them, a belief of his presentations. Two thousand of them are still living, most of whom are scattered over the country and the world as pastors of Presbyterian churches, and are promulgating his teachings. The press has teemed with volumes, and articles in Reviews, and other periodicals, the product of his pen. His first book in this great controversy which has raged about Moses and the prophets was "The Pentateuch Vindicated against Colenso." This has been followed, all in the same general line, by "The Archaeology, History and Geography of the Bible;" "Pentateuchal Analysis;" "The Hebrew Feasts"—this latter translated into German and published in Germany in 1894—"The Argument of the Book of Job;" "Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch;" and "Unity of the Book of Genesis." This latter contains his most matured views, formed out of an intimate acquaintance with the original Scriptures and long leisure for reading and thought. Over fifty articles of his have appeared in the *Presbyterian Review*, the *Hebraica*, and other periodicals, largely in the same current of thought and interpretation. All his works are standard. He still continues to investigate and write. He is now engaged in writing a work on the book of Deuteronomy. Probably he has done more to form the opinions of ministers and the Church on the doctrine and teachings of the Old Testament than any other man.

His honors have been abundant. The College of New Jersey conferred on him the title of D.D.; Rutgers College gave him that of LL.D., and Edinburgh University reconferred D.D. He was one of the revisers of the English version of the Old Testament. In 1891 he was made moderator, by acclamation, of the General Assembly, which met that year in Detroit, and had the Briggs heresy case specially in hand. He is a trustee of Princeton College, and might have been its president had he chosen; for he had the unanimous vote of the trustees before they elected Dr. McCosh. These things show the esteem in which he is held. As a Biblical scholar, a close thinker, a luminous writer, a popular teacher, a polished gentleman, a devout Christian and a lovable man, he stands among the foremost.

The ovation which it is proposed to give him has been well earned. It will probably be a brilliant affair. A large concourse is expected to be in attendance. Extensive preparations

have been made. The college has tendered the use of Commencement Hall for the morning, and University Hall for the dinner and after exercises. Over three thousand invitations have been sent out. Distinguished men—representatives of the college and of the seminary and other seminaries, of his Alma Mater, of the Church at large and the General Assembly, of his fellow-students, of the Scripture revisers, professors of Biblical doctrine and literature—have been invited to take part in exhibiting his claims to remembrance, tendering congratulations and bringing forward reminiscences.

W. C. ULYAT.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

New Foot-ball Rules.

THE foot-ball rules for 1896 will shortly be on the market, the committee appointed for this purpose by the University Athletic Club of New York City having completed their work—firstly, by making minor alterations in the phraseology in order to avoid the tautology and ambiguity of the old code; and secondly, coming to a definite understanding as to mass and momentum plays, fair catches, and officials which shall best serve a proper development of and effect the greatest good to the game.

Respecting momentum plays, it was agreed that there should be none, and the rule most apt to guard against the evil would include these requirements: that no player shall start before the ball is in play, with the exception that a player may leave his position to run toward his own goal, and that the taking of one step forward shall not be construed adversely, for the reason that it would be giving an umpire too much power, as through incompetence or prejudice he might severely handicap one team or the other.

As for mass plays, it was finally agreed, after much argument, wherein Harvard and Pennsylvania took sides against Yale and Princeton delegates, that five men should be on the line of scrimmage when play began, and that five men in addition to the quarter-back should be permitted to occupy positions behind the line, provided but three of the men came within the position occupied by the virtual tackles, the additional two being at least five yards behind the ball.

Contrary to expectation, the improvise fair-catch rule which was tried by Harvard and Princeton in their game at Princeton was not adopted. It was argued on the one side that the player of to-day had been sufficiently educated to the evil of unnecessarily tackling the catcher, and this being so, the act of touching the ball to the ground as a signal that a run was to ensue was both unnecessary and hampering to the development of the game. Then, too, it was argued that valuable time was needlessly lost. This argument finally prevailed, and it was then decided to revert to the old rule which was in force in 1892.

Of course these rules will be generally adopted, and though they may not meet with hearty approval, yet will they be the means of bringing together the warring factions of last year, and this is a thing greatly to be desired.

WHOLESALE PROFESSIONALISM.

According to the laws of the Amateur Athletic Union most of our college ball-players have made themselves professionals by playing games with league teams—as, for instance, Yale and Princeton because they played with the New Yorks, Wesleyan by playing with Boston, Trinity with Hartford, and Lafayette for playing Princeton after the latter team had become professionals by reason of their game with the New Yorks.

Now, if this is not silly legislation, what is? The idea is preposterous. A college team plays a professional team for no earthly reason other than to get practice of the kind which will best fit them for championship games among themselves. It would be just as absurd to denounce an amateur golfer as a professional because, in order to improve his game, he plays against a professional.

The United States Golf Association, in their definition of an amateur, take a most sensible and broad-minded view of the matter. Their rule is this: "Section 9. An amateur golfer shall be a golfer who has never personally made for sale golf-clubs, balls, or any other article connected with the game; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years, and who has never carried clubs for hire at any time within six years of the date on which the competition for playing in a match was decided, or for giving lessons in the game; and who, for a period of five years prior to September 1st, 1890, has never contended for a money prize in any open competition."

Of course these college ball-players, who by this time must number a hundred, will not

heed any such ruling, yet—as is likely to happen later on, when some of these men compete in the annual intercollegiate track and field games—there will be trouble, as the Amateur Athletic Union is in alliance with this association, the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of America.

SPRING FOOT-BALL PRACTICE.

There is no more certain sign of the hold the game of foot-ball has upon the college undergraduate seeker of honors in this branch of sport, and the importance of having a winning team in the field, than the almost daily practice of the "spring squads" at Harvard, Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, and other colleges.

It has been argued by some that this devotion to the game out of season is altogether too much of a good thing, and takes a student's mind off his proper and legitimate work. The writer, however, takes exception to this, and would argue that only good can come of the practice.

The exercise is easy and the work interesting, and a means of profitable recreation from study and recitation. And because this practice is so interesting and instructive it has the natural tendency to make a man thoughtful, gives him something profitable to think about, and in consequence the mind gets a beneficial drill.

It should be said that no time is taken from the class-room for this preliminary and practical training in foot-ball; and who will attempt to enumerate the bad things to be embraced in an idle hour?

The foot-ball man who finds the time to practice punting or drop-kicking or catching the ball would, if not so employed, find other and less profitable ways of passing the time away.

A. J. DREXEL'S ENGLISH-BUILT YACHT.

When one reads of the truly magnificent steam-yacht which is soon to be launched from the Ailsa Ship-building Company's yards at Troon, Scotland, for Colonel A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, the questions arise: Is it not possible to build an acceptable steam-yacht in this country? and if it is, why does not an American spend his thousands upon thousands in gold at home?

According to yacht experts the *Margarita* will prove to be one of the best ever turned out by Watson, her designer. Money has not been spared to have her classed 100 A1 by Lloyds.

The *Margarita* is built of steel, and is fitted with two sets of engines by Rowan & Sons, of Glasgow. Her twin-screw propellers are of bronze. With two Scotch boilers and an indicated horse-power of thirty-four hundred, she is designed to attain a maximum speed of sixteen and one-half knots per hour. She will be able to carry three hundred and fifteen tons of coal, which is sufficient at an average ten-knot clip to carry her through exceptionally long cruises.

Her load-water-line length is 240 feet, and over all 280 feet, with 33 feet 6 inches beam and 15 feet draught.

Among other things, the *Margarita* will have two dynamos and storage batteries, refrigerating-rooms, steam-laundry, two steam-launches, and a half-rater. The dining-room is forward of the machinery and takes up the entire width of the yacht. It will be fitted with a telescope table thirteen feet long and will include in its appointments such little trifles as an aeolian and an electric piano. Mahogany and leather will predominate in the furnishings.

POUGHKEEPSIE OR SARATOGA?

Either Poughkeepsie or Saratoga will be settled upon as the place for the Harvard-Cornell-Pennsylvania-Columbia eight-oared shell-race within a short time. Ever since the race was arranged there has been no end of talk concerning a suitable course, and lately the discussion took a definite form, Harvard, Cornell, and Pennsylvania advocating Saratoga, and Columbia holding out for Poughkeepsie.

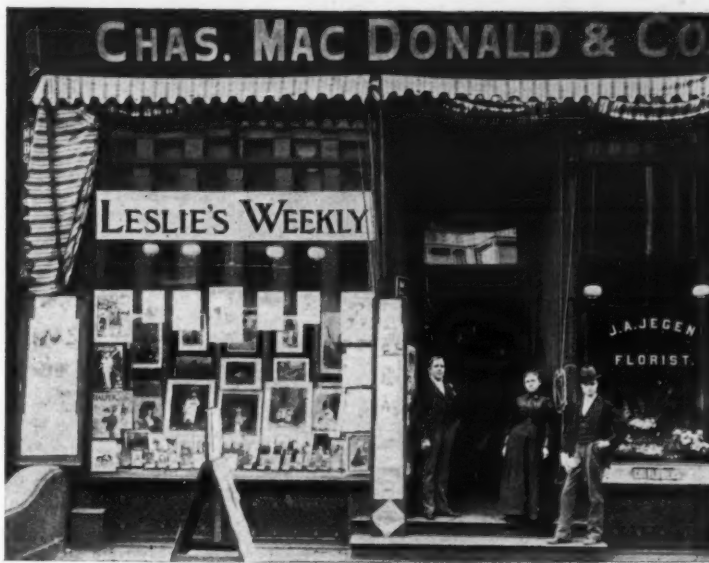
The chief objection to the Poughkeepsie course was the great likelihood of interference from sail and steam craft, which always turn out on such occasions by the hundreds and act altogether in a way which best serves their individual interests. In order to remove such an obstacle the rowing authorities at Columbia caused a bill to be presented to Congress providing the necessary authority to make the attending fleet obey instructions to the letter. This bill has already passed the Senate, and is likely also to pass the House in short order.

Columbia is certainly right in doing all in her power to have the race settled upon the Poughkeepsie course. Where at Saratoga only about one hundred people can see the race only for the last quarter-mile, at Poughkeepsie some four thousand can see the entire race from observation-cars.

Should the bill become a law it is hard to see how Harvard, Cornell, and Pennsylvania can dodge the issue, though rumor has it they would like to. In other words, the interference reason is not the prime one for their favoring Saratoga.

SANKEY'S "BROKEN LEG."

In speaking of the Princeton base-ball nine



MACDONALD'S FAMOUS NEWS "STAND."

last week it was said that Sankey, a candidate for second-base, had broken his leg in a practice game, and was therefore out of it for the rest of the season. This statement was based upon the utterance of a well-known writer on amateur sport, and has since been proved erroneous. The extent of Sankey's injury was a sprained knee, from which he is now quite recovered.

W.T. Bull.

The Battle-ship "Massachusetts."

THE performance of the battle-ship *Massachusetts* on her official trial trip off the Maine coast on April 25th easily marks her as foremost of all battle-ships of the world. Experts have declared repeatedly that the *Indiana* and her sister ships, the *Massachusetts* and *Oregon*, have the largest and most effective fire of any fighting-ships finished or designed. To secure this enormous delivery, the element of speed, which a battle-ship could sacrifice easiest, was placed theoretically at from one to two knots lower than the crack English battle-ships.

A battle-ship's business is to fight and never to run. The theoretical speed of the *Indiana* class was put at fifteen knots. The highest theoretical speed of the English ships of that grade is sixteen and seventeen knots. Very few of the English ships have shown even sixteen knots on a measured mile course, with steam "bottled up" for the occasion. The *Indiana* steamed at the rate of 15.61 knots for four hours. Her bottom had never been cleaned. Under proper grooming she could go half a knot faster easily.

The *Massachusetts* put all these records to shame by steaming at the rate of 16.15 knots for four hours and 17.03 knots speed over a distance of six knots. Such a record is absolutely unheard of in naval history. The *Massachusetts* is queen of the battle-ships.

The chief guns of the *Massachusetts* are four in number and of thirteen-inch calibre, the largest in use in modern navies. She has thirty guns in all: Four thirteen-inch, four eight-inch, two six-inch, twenty six-pounders, four one-pounders. The total weight of her broadside is 5,724 pounds. The total weight of her ahead or astern fire is 3,434 pounds. A pair of the thirteen-inch rifles can be fired once every three minutes; the eight-inch guns once every minute; the six-inch guns twice a minute; the six-pounders twenty times a minute. In a fight of thirty minutes the thirteen-inch guns would throw forty-four thousand pounds of metal; the eight-inch guns would throw thirty thousand pounds; the six-inch six-thousand pounds, and the others thirty-six hundred pounds, making a total of eighty-three thousand pounds, or forty-one and a half tons.

How to Show a Good Thing.

ONE of the best-known newsdealers in the West is "Charley" MacDonald, of Chicago, a view of whose "stand" on Washington Street, near State, is given herewith. Mr. MacDonald has been in the business since 1873, and has built up a large and remunerative business. He has the Scotch facility of reading men's tastes, and women's too, and giving them what they want. Never does he make the mistake of offering a sporting paper to a doctor of divinity, or a psychological journal to a wheelman. His counters are an especial repository of everything pertaining to dramatic literature, the turf, and collegiate sports. If one cannot find the photograph of the latest foot light favorite at Charley MacDonald's the probability is that he or she has never posed before the camera.

His judgment in the quality of periodicals is unerring, and he always makes it a point to show *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* in a prominent place on his boards and in his windows. Whenever *LESLIE'S* has a page or two of Chicago pictures, MacDonald calls attention to it, because he knows the people will "catch on."

The photograph shows such an occasion, and in the window also may be seen the reflection of the big sky-scraper across the way.

Bavaria's Garden Spot.

(Special Correspondence.)

KISSINGEN, April 25th, 1896.—With unchanging regularity the tide of American visitors to these springs increases annually, and among the initiated it is a common greeting, "We will meet in Kissingen." Nestling in a charming valley of picturesque Franconia lies the garden-spot of Bavaria. The life-giving River Saale, with its chemical springs, meanders through beautiful fields, skirting opulent villas and picturesque parks until it reaches the extensive and historic Kur-Gardens, directly opposite the aristocratic *Hotel de Russie*, famous throughout Europe as a rendezvous for English and American tourists. The proprietor of this modern hostelry has placed himself on record, in the unfortunate Stern case last year, as a fast friend of Americans by advocating the latter's release. In spite of disapproval from his own countrymen, he stuck to Mr. Stern with advice and active support. Through his personal efforts the best native counsel was employed, which ultimately enabled Mr. Stern to escape the law's iron hand, however just, albeit rather inconvenient for a well man with large means. The result of his significant service to this well-known American citizen, whose family had enjoyed almost luxurious comforts at the hotel, has filled his house with Americans. It is not often that a German will brave the adverse opinion of his countryman in favor of a foreigner, whose patronage, however liberal, is but an equivalent for value received. But Herr Panitz, who speaks faultless English, is a cosmopolitan, and looks upon all nations as deserving equal hospitality, chiefly inclined to our countrymen, whom he values highly, and among whom he counts Mr. W. W. Astor and others as his "Stammgäste" (permanent customers). Of the hotel proper I shall speak in a future chapter.

DEWEY.

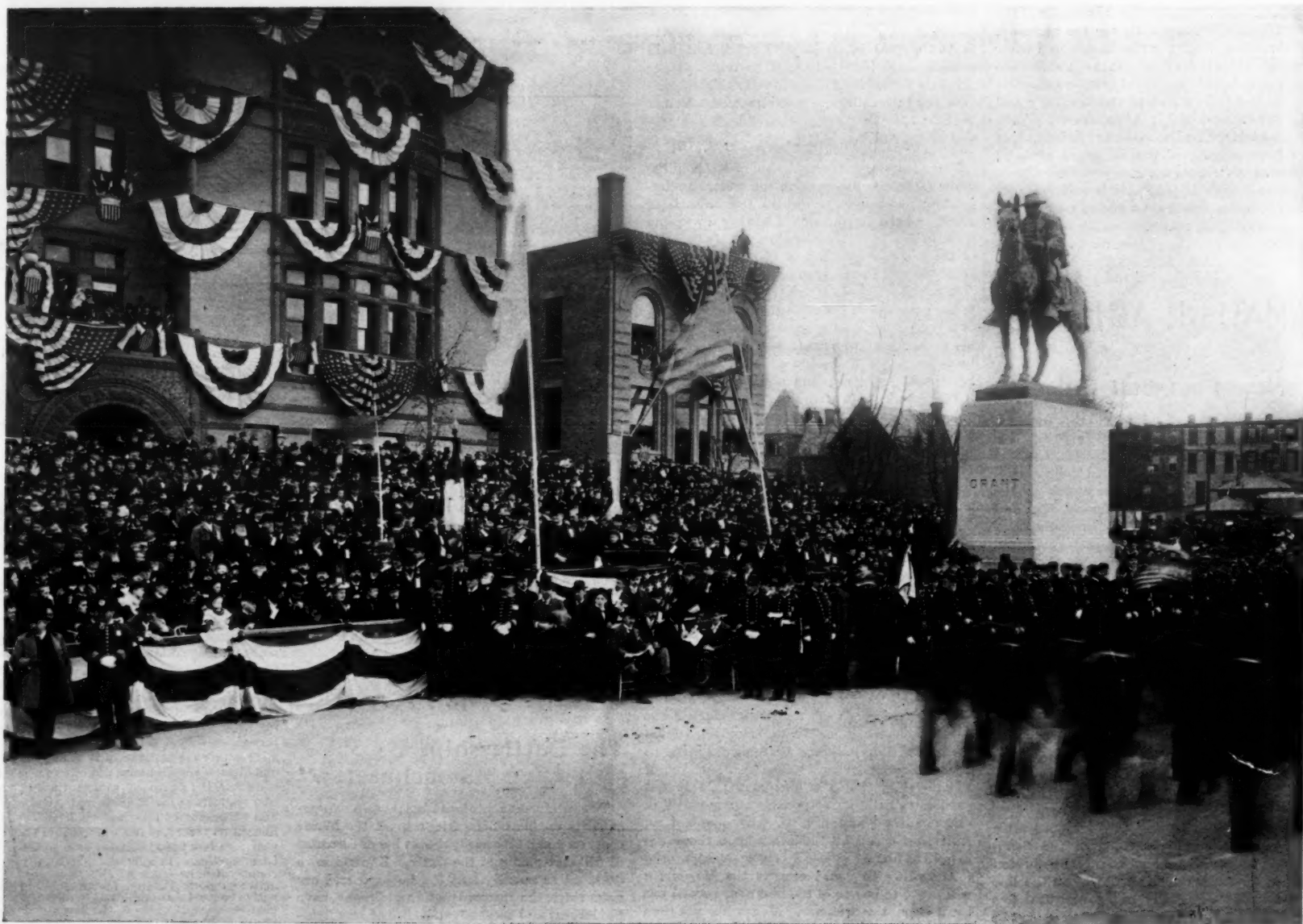
An Asthma Cure at Last.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.



UNVEILING OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL GRANT, DESIGNED BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, PRESENTED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB TO THE CITY OF BROOKLYN, ON APRIL 25TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. HEMMENT.



COLLEGE GIRLS PLAY BASKET-BALL—MATCH GAME BETWEEN STUDENTS OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 313.]



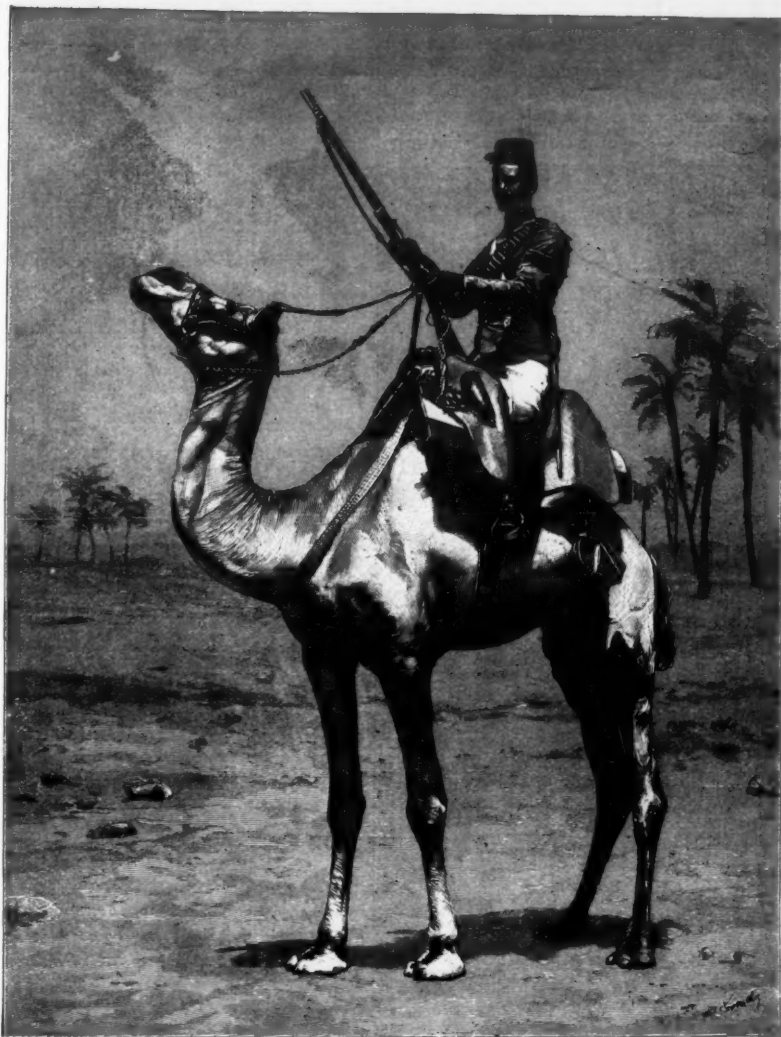
BERKELEY'S FAIR CAPTAIN.



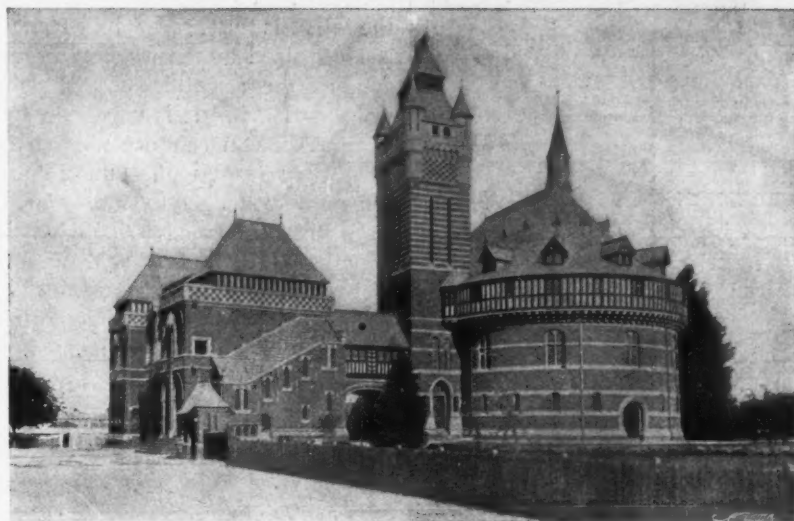
STANFORD'S VICTORIOUS LEADER.



THE UMPIRE.



THE BRITISH NILE EXPEDITION—A SERGEANT OF THE CAMEL CORPS.—*London Graphic.*



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—*Black and White.*



A PAUSE IN THE DESERT.—*Black and White.*



Princess Alexandra, Prince Ernest. THE BICYCLE MANIA IN LONDON—AN AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG—THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.—*Illustrated London News.*



A woman of the Gilech tribe.



A trader.

EGYPTIAN FRONTIER TYPES.—*Black and White.*

Donbina's Electric Soap has been made for thirty-one years. Each year's sales have increased. In 1895 sales were 2,047,630 boxes. Superior quality, and absolute uniformity and purity, made this possible. Do you use it? Try it.

Do you know that the Lehigh Valley Railroad is the best line to Wilkesbarre, Geneva, Ithaca, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, through the picturesque Lehigh, Wyoming, and Susquehanna valleys?

HAVE you ever tried the Lehigh Valley Railroad's dining-car service? The appointments are elegant; every dish is a revelation of gastronomic art, and the service is à la carte, you only paying for what you order.

EVERY MAN SHOULD READ THIS.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, MR. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 626, Marshall, Michigan.

The use of Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

GOING abroad? The best and pleasantest antidote for sea-sickness is Abbott's genuine Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.



No. 4711 Essence OF RHINE * VIOLETS

(Name Registered.)

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get "No. 4711 Rhine Violets." It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower. Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

MÜLHENS & KROPPF, New York, U.S. Agents.

Summer Vacation Tours TO COLORADO AND THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) have arranged for five personally conducted tours in private Pullman cars, through the most interesting parts of the West. Leave Chicago and St. Louis, June 23, July 7, 14, 21 and 28. The price of a ticket covers all expenses, and the amount is considerably less than what it would cost one to make the trip alone. A special agent accompanies each party, and attends to all details. Write for a descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Manager Tours Department, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark Street, Chicago.

BE GUIDED

The CRAWFORD BICYCLE

REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF RELIABILITY-BEAUTY STRENGTH AND SPEED.

THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO., Makers.
Factory and Main Office: HAGERSTOWN, Md.
Branch: New York City—70 & 72 Reade St.
Houses: St. Louis—605 North Fourth St.
Boslow & Downes Co. Boston, N.E. Agents.

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package. Beeman Chemical Co. 110 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. Denison. Publisher, Chicago Ill.

BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

Don't Stop Tobacco

suddenly. To do so is injurious to the Nervous System. "Baco-Curo" is recognized by the medical profession as the scientific cure for the Tobacco Habit. It is vegetable and harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking it; it will notify you when to stop. "Baco-Curo" is guaranteed to cure where all others fail, and is sold with a written guarantee to cure any case, no matter how bad, or money refunded with ten per cent. interest.

One box, \$1.00; three boxes (and guaranteed cure), \$2.50, at all druggists; or sent direct on receipt of price. Write for free booklet and proofs. EUREKA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO., La Crosse, Wisconsin.

It will remove irritations, pimples, impurities, clean the scalp, beautify the skin and complexion, as well as being a most delightful soap for the every day toilet and bath.

CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP

(Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.

Wheeling at night With the "Search Light" —IS A PLEASURE

SEARCH LIGHT for '96

Flame Cannot Jar Out. The new patent method of attaching Lantern to the wheel makes this an impossibility. Burns either Kerosene or Naphtha. The Polished Reflecting Surfaces are so protected that they cannot become blackened or tarnished. Combination of Lenses makes most intense and penetrating light. The Only strictly first-class bicycle lantern on the market.

The 1896 Search-Light is conceded to be superior to any bicycle lamp ever placed on the market.

Price, \$5.00—Delivered Free or of your Dealer.

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO., BRIDGEPORT, CONN., U.S.A.

19 Murray St., New York. 85-87 Pearl St., Boston, Mass. 17 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Send for Circular No. 45.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D.C., for their \$1800 prize offer and list of 200 inventions wanted.

WIGS for Masquerades and Private Theatricals, 75 cts. to \$1. Beards 50 cts. Stage Make-ups, Tricks and Novelties. Catalogue free. C. MARSHALL, Lockport, N.Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY WANTED

the U.S. to get orders for our celebrated goods. LIBERAL TERMS; GOOD INCOMES. Big Presents with every sale. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per pound. Send this ad and 10c. in stamps, and we will mail you a 14 pound Best Imported Tea, any kind, and full particulars.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. (L. W.), 31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York, P.O. Box 289.

LONDON (ENGLAND). THE LANCHESTER Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROAD. Read this. **EMPRESS BICYCLE.** Read this. The Finest Wheel on Earth.

In order to place our matchless 1896 wheel within reach of all, we make the following offer to the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY for twenty days only. On receipt of Express order for \$10 and cut of this Ad., we will ship one of our famous "EMPRESS" Bicycles (Ladies' or Gentlemen's) to any reader of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and will accept payment for remaining \$90 in nine monthly installments of \$10 each. If you desire a perfect wheel write early, as the demand for our wheel is enormous.

EMPRESS BICYCLE CO., Chicago, Ill.

There are monarchs, there are monarchs, Men of every clime and hue. From the Czar of all the Russias To the Prince of Timbuctoo: Monarchs good and monarchs famous, Monarchs short and monarchs tall; But the best is our Monarch— It's the Monarch of them all.

Monarch

King of Bicycles—A Marvel of Strength, Speed and Reliability.

4 models, \$30 and \$100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the Defiance is made in 8 models, \$10 to \$75. Send for Monarch book.

MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.,

Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts., CHICAGO.

83 Reade Street, New York.

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

HOW TO MAKE WOMEN BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

ADIPO-MALENE.

L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Shawknit The Only Half-Hose

THAT FIT WELL, LOOK WELL, WEAR WELL.

They are the only half-hose that fit well, because they are the only half-hose that are

SO KNITTED AS TO FIT.

They are the only half-hose that look well and wear well, because they are the only half-hose that fit well and because they are made in the

MOST ATTRACTIVE COLOR-EFFECTS

and of the BEST YARNS.

Look for the trade-mark on the toe. Send for Descriptive Price-List.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

"It may be true what some men say. It maun be true, what a'men say."

PUBLIC OPINION

endorses Sapolio.—

It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props., 39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

A Daylight Trip, New York to Buffalo, via New York Central—Finest one-day railroad-ride in the world.

It's a Wise Nurse

that speeds the recovery of her patients by giving them



ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK

—the food drink. It contains the greatest amount of real nutriment and is strength-giving and flesh-building. Invaluable to nursing mothers, consumptives and sufferers from wasting diseases.

To be had at all
Druggists' and Grocers'.

Prepared by
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n,
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

O. MEYER & CO., 24 and 27 West Street, New York City.
R. NAEGEL, Hoboken, N. J.
THIMIG BOTTLING CO., 435-443 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENERAL AGENTS.

Waverley Bicycles

have grown more rapidly in popular favor than any others because they are sold at a fair price and

NEVER FAIL

We have always built thoroughly good bicycles of the finest material and with the most approved form of mechanical construction. They are light, graceful, strong, easy running, highly finished, fully guaranteed and the peer of any bicycle in the world

\$85 ONE FAIR PRICE TO ALL \$85

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Eastern Wholesale Branch, 339 B'way, N. Y.
Catalogue free by mail

Brains Nerves

Men suffering from excessive use of tobacco or liquor, and dissipation, or men with jaded brains and nerves, restored to health and enjoyment of life by old Dr. Hallock's Electric Pills. Vital forces renewed. A quick cure for Nervous troubles of men. Absolutely safe. No sensation except increasing vitality. Just what you need to build you up. Dr. Hallock gives advice free and guarantees to cure curable cases. Forty years' successful practice. Only scientific methods employed.

Medicine Free By Mail.

To inspire confidence, our regular box of pills, together with valuable book, for men only, sent sealed on receipt of 10 cents to cover postage. Investigate. Address

OLD DR. HALLOCK,
110 COURT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



CORPUS LEAN

Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L.E. Marsh Co., 2815 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply stopping the fat-producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER IN MALARIAL POISONING.

Dr. J. T. Atterbury, of Estell, Miss.: "I have found BUFFALO LITHIA WATER an invaluable agent in the treatment of Malarious Fevers and their Cachexia and Sequels. Indeed, it is well-nigh specific in diseases of this character, and I believe that persons residing in the most malarious districts might find immunity from Malarious Fevers and their attendant evils from the use of this Water."

Dr. Z. M. Pascall, Oxford, N. C.: "In nothing is the action of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 1, more remarkable than in malarial poisoning. In this class of disease it is incomparably superior to any other mineral water of which I have any knowledge. In Chronic Intermittent and Remittent Fevers it is especially efficacious, and it is not unusual that sufferers from these maladies find relief from a visit to these Springs after a failure of all the ordinary resources."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent FREE to any address.

Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st.
PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA,
On the Atlantic and Danville Railroad.

STEARNS BICYCLES

(The Yellow Fellow)

Handsome
Catalogue
Mailed Free.

The Stearns is a modern wheel of advanced construction. Lightest, strongest and lasts the longest. The '06 Stearns surpasses all former models.

E. G. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Tinkham Cycle Co., New York City Agents, 306-310 West Fifty-ninth Street



SUPREME
AWARD
WORLD'S
FAIR

Pabst Malt Extract The "Best" Tonic

Gives to the weak and enervated vital energy & lifting one from despondency to buoyant happiness.

GOLD MEDAL AND DIPLOMA, CONSTITUTING HIGHEST AWARD, MUNICH INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, 1895. AN UNPARALLELED VICTORY IN THE VERY HOME OF BREWING.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.**

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells

S O H M E R.

CRESCENT

(SKY HIGH)

America's Most Popular Bicycle.



Every Crescent Bicycle made makes Bicycling more popular. Every owner of a Crescent is an enthusiastic Bicyclist.

1896 Crescent Catalogue Free.

We are adding to our list of Agents.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS,

Factory: Chicago, Ill. Eastern Office: 26 Warren Street, N. Y.



A WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR MANKIND.

THOSE SUFFERING FROM WEAKENED VITALITY, NERVOUSNESS, or Any Similar Complaint, CAN BE CURED.

The old are made young.
The weak are made strong.
The vital force is quickly restored.
Hope springs once more in every breast.
I will gladly send free the recipe of this wonderful remedy that cured me after everything else had failed. Don't delay but write me at once, and I will send the recipe free securely sealed in plain envelope.

THOMAS SLATER,

Box 2144, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

AU BON MARCHÉ

Maison Aristide BOUCICAUT

PARIS

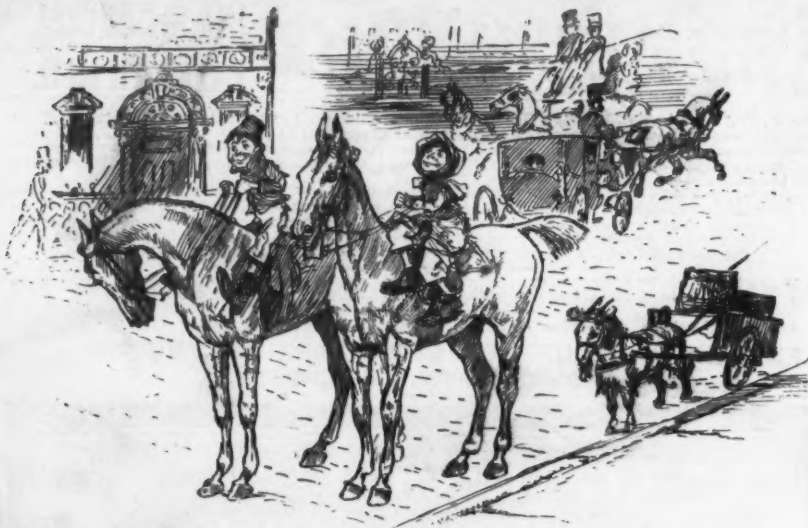
Magasins de Nouveautés offering the most complete the richest and the most elegant choice of all classes of goods.



The **BON MARCHÉ** premises are the largest, best fitted up and best organized in the World, and form one of the most remarkable sights in PARIS.

PARIS

The system of selling everything at a small profit and of a thoroughly reliable quality is strictly maintained at the **BON MARCHÉ**



TAKING CARE.

THEY just asked the little ash-boy to watch the horses a minute while they made a call, and the above is the way in which he and his sister performed that delightful duty.

A Graceful Act
of hospitality is to offer callers a cup of
Bouillon made from

Armour's
Extract of BEEF.

It takes only a minute to prepare.
Armour's Extract takes the place of home-
made "Soup stock," costs less, goes farther
and tastes better.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

Arnold Constable & Co. Dress Fabrics.

French Canvas,
Wool Grenadine,
Silk and Mohair Barege.

CHECK SUITINGS.

Silk and Wool Mixtures,
Cheviots, Armures, Serges,
Plain Colored Fabrics.

MOHAIRS, PRINTED CHALLIES.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa

ABSOLUTELY PURE NO CHEMICALS

Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa
Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.
It bears their Trade Mark
"La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can.
Beware of Imitations.

There is just a little appetizing
bite to HIRE'S Rootbeer; just a
smack of life and good flavor
done up in temperance style.
Best by any test.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
A 25c. Package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

VAN BIBBER
CIGARETTES
OR
LITTLE
CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED
TOBACCO.
HIGHEST IN PRICE,
FINEST IN QUALITY.

25c. a Bundle,
10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold-Seal Champagne

For Sale by
all leading Wine Dealers
and Grocers.

Post-Office:
URBANA, N. Y.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, ex-
amine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and
see what a good shoe you can buy for
\$3.

**OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS,
CONGRESS, BUTTON,
and LACE, made in all
kinds of the best selected
leather by skilled work-
men. We make and
sell more
\$3 Shoes
than any
other
manufacturer in the world.**

None genuine unless name and
price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$5,
\$4, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25 Shoes;
\$3.50, \$3 and \$1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer
cannot supply you, send to fac-
tory, enclosing price and 36 cents
to pay carriage. State kind, style
of toe (cap or plain), size and
width. Our Custom Dept. will fill
your order. Send for new illus-
trated Catalogue to Box K.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Windsor
BICYCLES

The American Beauties
For 1896...

Provoke love at first sight and hold it captive.
Bicycling should be pure happiness. It's sure
to be if you ride a

Windsor....\$85 and \$100

For Catalogue, address
SIEG & WALPOLE MFG. CO., Kenosha, Wis.
Branch Houses—Chicago, Milwaukee, Portland,
Ore., Los Angeles, Cal.
Address all Correspondence to Kenosha, Wis.

Purest Best

A Palatable
Stimulant for Invalids

Liebig COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef

An Indispensable aid to
the best cooking

The Original and Genuine

The Hotel Cecil,
London, W. C.
Opposite Cheapside's Needle.
700 BEDROOMS, BRIGHT AND AIRY,
10 Grand Saloons, 7 Otis Elevators.
Finest Cuisine in London.
NOW OPEN.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or
limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imita-
tions is as good as the genuine.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"I WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT A PROVISION OF VIN MARIANI, THIS FORTIFYING,
AGREEABLE TONIC."

MONSIGNOR CLEMENT,
Archbishop of Carthage.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.**, for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS,
Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 220 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

THE STANDARD SINGLE TUBES.
FASTEST, SAFEST,
EASIEST
TO REPAIR

Hartford
SINGLE TUBE
TIRES

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
NEW YORK & CHICAGO HARTFORD, CONN.

HOW MANY different advertisements of COLUMBIA BICYCLES

HAVE YOU SEEN?

The variety of Colum-
bia Bicycle advertising
is great. All the good
points of Columbias,
all the delight of riding
them, cannot be fully
described in any one
advertisement, nor in
a hundred.

We wish to know how
many announcements
can reach any one person, and so offer a

COLUMBIA PRIZE BICYCLE as a

to whoever shall send us the greatest
number of different Columbia Bicycle
advertisements clipped from newspapers
or magazines issued since Jan. 1, 1896.

Many advertisements differ only in a word
or two; others in the style of type; distinct
variations only, however, will be counted.
Each advertisement must have plainly
attached to it the name and date of the news-
paper or magazine from which it is clipped.

Separate entries cannot be combined.
Entries must be received by us at Hartford
on or before Tuesday, June 30, 1896. In case
of a tie, the award will be made according to
priority of receipt and entry. Address

Department of Statistics,
POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

RAMBLER
BICYCLES
\$100.
For people of
good taste

ALI
Cyclists

do not ride Rambler Bicycles—THEY
cost \$100.

Beautiful book of Rambler details free at Rambler agencies
or by mail.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.
Brooklyn. Detroit. Coventry, Eng.

Pall Mall Magazine.

EDITED BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON AND
SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT.

MAY NUMBER NOW READY.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

Splendidly illustrated throughout by leading
artists including an Etching and a
Colored Plate.

Amongst the principal contributors may be
mentioned the following:

SIR WALTER BESANT.
KARL BLIND.
W. L. ALDEN.
DEMETRIUS BOULGER.
H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.
I. ZANGWILL.
C. J. CUTLIFF HYNE.
PROFESSOR J. A. STRAHAN.
DEFTERDAR EFFENDI, Etc., Etc.

New York: The International News Company, 53
Duane Street.

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANU-
FACTURED BY

J. Harper Bonnell Co.,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO